

BLUE RIBBON



# COMICS

MYSTERY



No. 11 TWO BIG LEAD STORIES!!

## MR. JUSTICE

APRIL  
10c



Cooper





# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# THE BIG

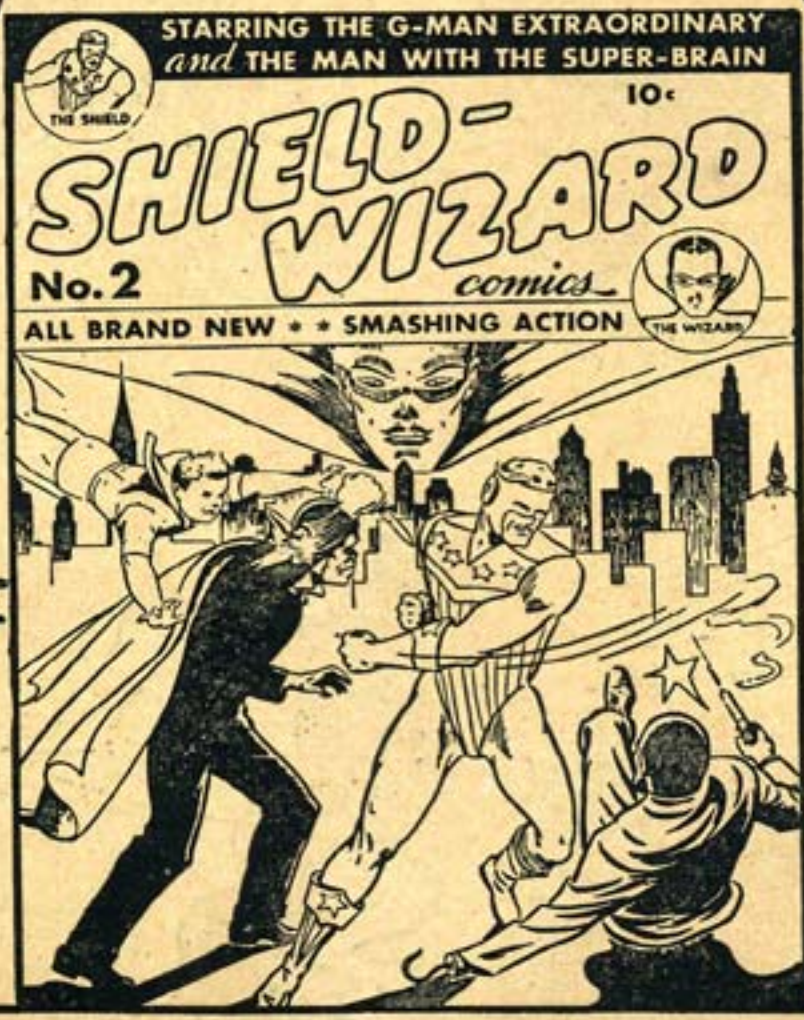
# 5



ON SALE ABOUT THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH

**THE LEADING COMIC MAGAZINES ON THE NEWSSTANDS**

ON SALE ABOUT THE 10th OF EVERY MONTH



**THE WORLDS GREATEST COLLECTION OF THRILLS, ADVENTURES — AND — MYSTERY —**

**EVERY FEATURE IN EVERY BOOK ALWAYS BRAND NEW!**

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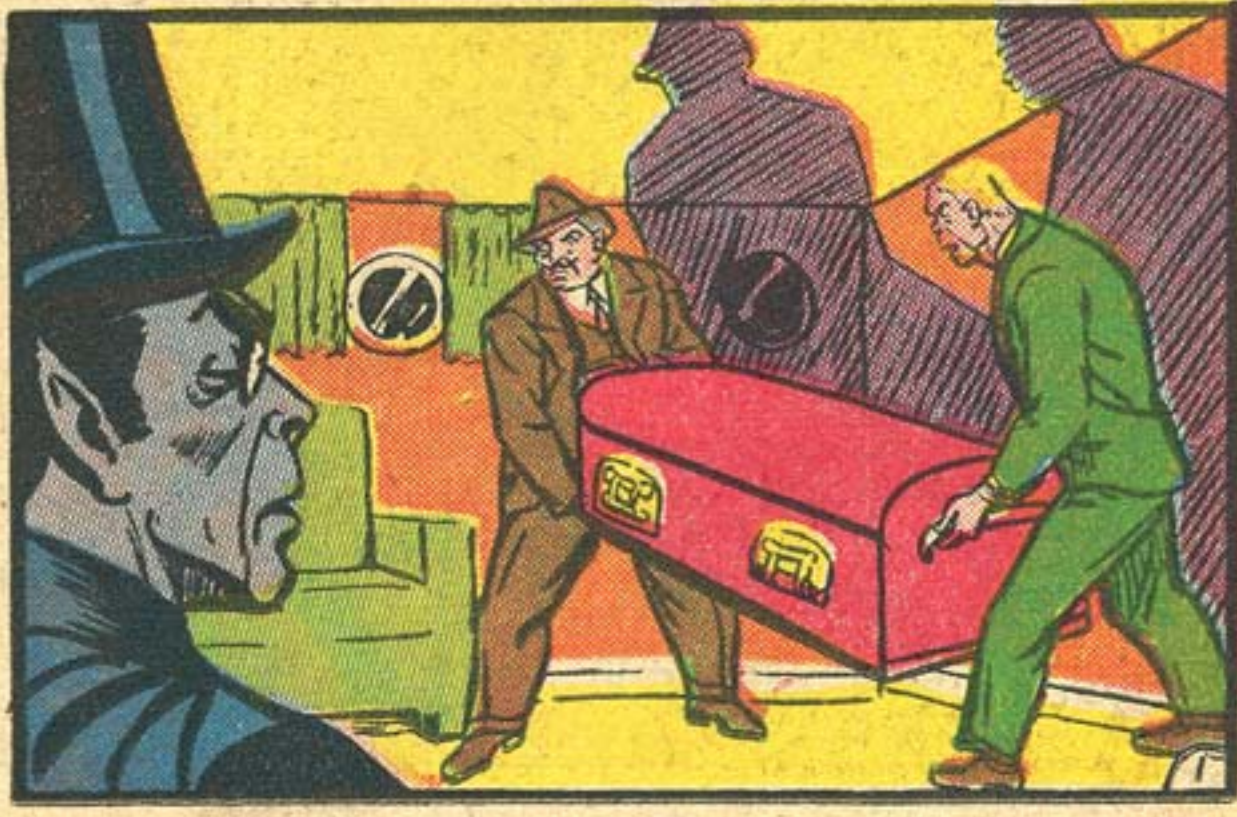
# JUSTICE

**A** STEAMSHIP BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES IS ABOUT TO LEAVE A SOUTH AMERICAN PORT UP THE GANG-PLANK COME THREE FIGURES... TWO OF THEM CARRYING AN ORNATE COFFIN... THE THIRD CONCEALING HIS FACE WITH HIS CLOAK IS... **WHOM?** OR **WHAT?**

by  
S. COOPER  
JOE BLAIR



BLOOD!  
BLOOD!  
I MUST  
HAVE  
HUMAN  
BLOOD!





WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS TO ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME GO ON LIVING LIKE A HUMAN BEING, -INSTEAD OF WHAT YOU MADE ME?



NOW I'M A THING WITHOUT A SOUL! A CREATURE WITH NOTHING BUT A THIRST FOR BLOOD! RICH, WARM, HUMAN BLOOD! EVEN YOURS!

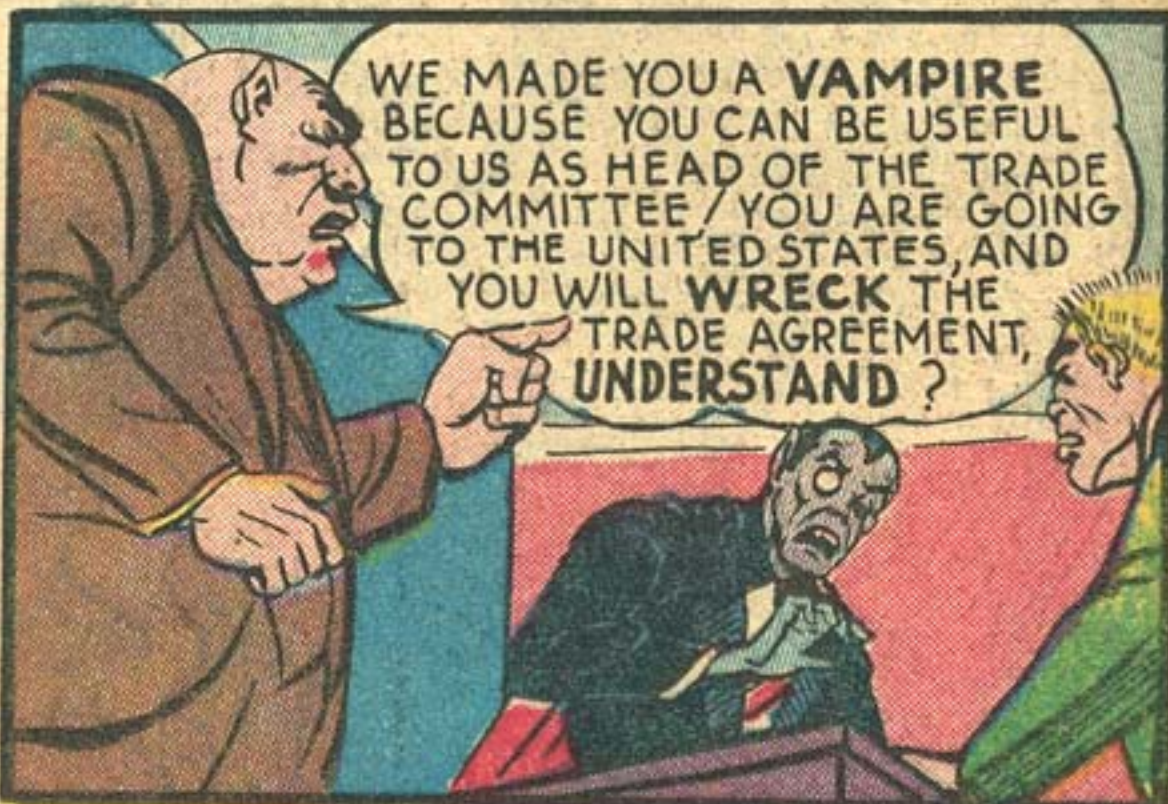


STAY AWAY FROM US!

THOSE CROSSES, THEY'RE BLINDING ME!



WE MADE YOU A VAMPIRE BECAUSE YOU CAN BE USEFUL TO US AS HEAD OF THE TRADE COMMITTEE / YOU ARE GOING TO THE UNITED STATES, AND YOU WILL WRECK THE TRADE AGREEMENT, UNDERSTAND?



IF YOU DARE CROSS US UP WE SHALL EXPOSE YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE, A VAMPIRE!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO ANYTHING / BUT GET ME BLOOD! I MUST HAVE HUMAN BLOOD!

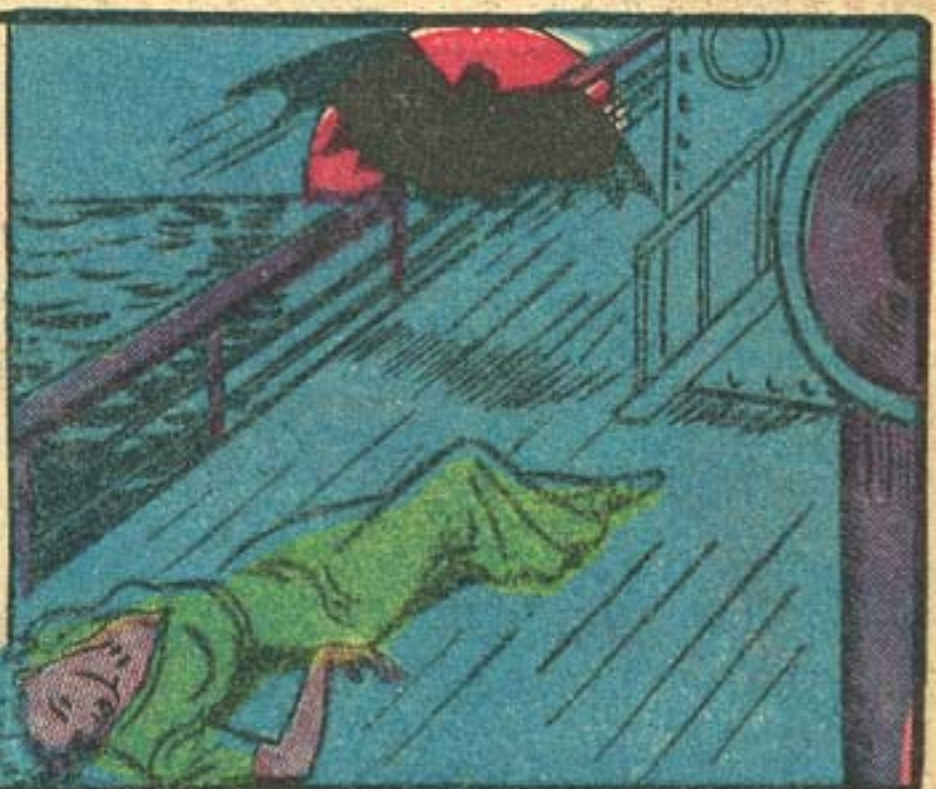
THERE ARE PLENTY OF PASSENGERS ABOARD! GO AHEAD AND GET YOUR BLOOD!



THE VAMPIRE STIFLES THE CRIES OF THE HORROR STRICKEN GIRL AS HIS FANG-LIKE TEETH SEEK THE VEINS OF HER NECK.



HIS THIRST QUENCHED, THE VAMPIRE TURNS INTO A BAT AND GLIDES AWAY FROM THE BLOODLESS THING THAT WAS ONCE A GIRL!





SEVERAL DAYS LATER IN THE UNITED STATES, CARLOS HUBBELLO ATTENDS A SPECIAL BANQUET IN HIS HONOR, AT THE CLUB CONGA..... AMONG THOSE PRESENT ARE: MAYOR CLARK, DISTRICT ATTORNEY ROY WINKLER, AND THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER, PAT, WHO IS ESCORTED BY MR. JUSTICE!

.... AND NOW IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE GUEST OF THE EVENING! THIS GENTLEMAN FROM FRIENDLY SOUTH AMERICA IS HERE TO CONCLUDE A TRADE AGREEMENT WITH THE U.S., WHICH WILL LEAVE NAZI GERMANY OUT IN THE COLD



SHH! OUR STOOGES IS GONNA SPEAK!



HA! BUT WAIT TILL HIS THIRST FOR BLOOD IS AROUSED! IT WON'T BE LONG!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN I DON'T WISH TO BORE YOU WITH FACTS AND FIGURES! THE TRADE PACT WILL WAIT! RIGHT NOW, I AM FAR MORE ANXIOUS TO HAVE A GOOD TIME..... AND I WOULD LIKE TO START BY ASKING THE MAYOR'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER FOR A DANCE!



MR. JUSTICE AND PAT CLARK ARE AT A NEAR-BY TABLE.....

I CAN'T BLAME HIM, PAT! CONFIDENTIALLY, I'D RATHER DANCE WITH YOU!



MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, MISS CLARK

I TRUST YOUR FRIEND WILL EXCUSE US!

OF COURSE!



AH! YOU DANCE WITH THE GRACE OF AN ANGEL! AND YOUR FACE..... YOUR NECK..... IS AS RARE IVORY!



AS THE DANCERS MOVE ACROSS THE FLOOR, A STRANGE LIGHT COMES INTO THE EYES OF MR. JUSTICE! WATCHING THE SOUTH AMERICAN EVERY SECOND HE SENSES THE PRESENCE OF SOME EVIL FORCE!







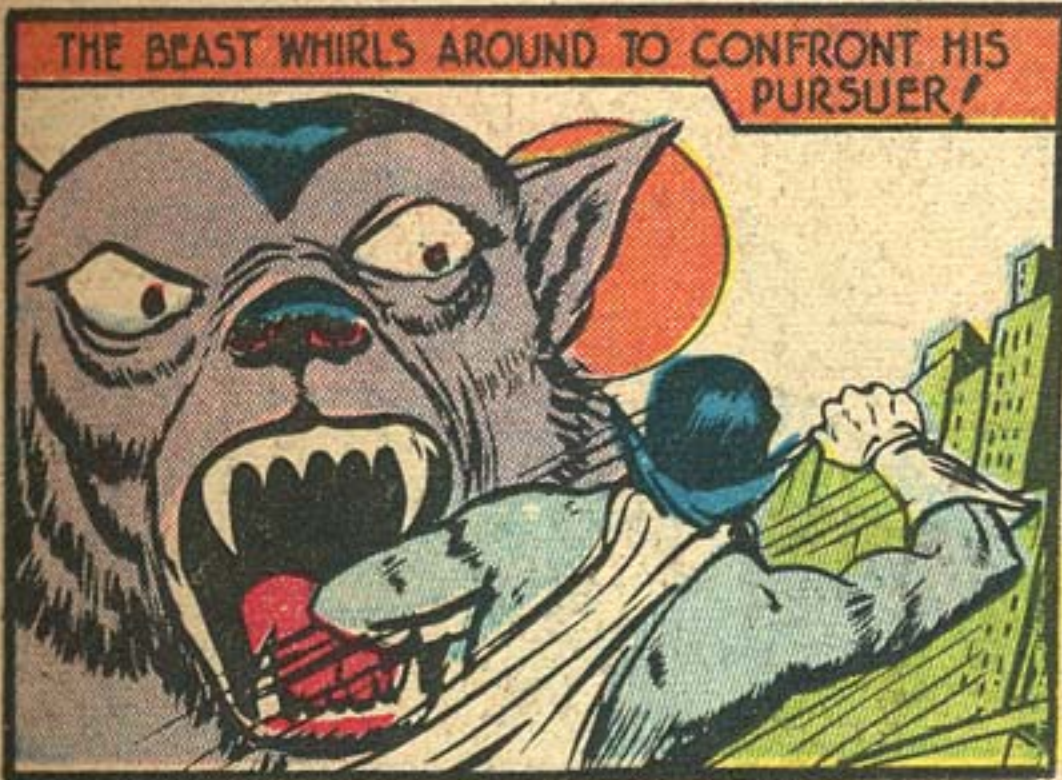




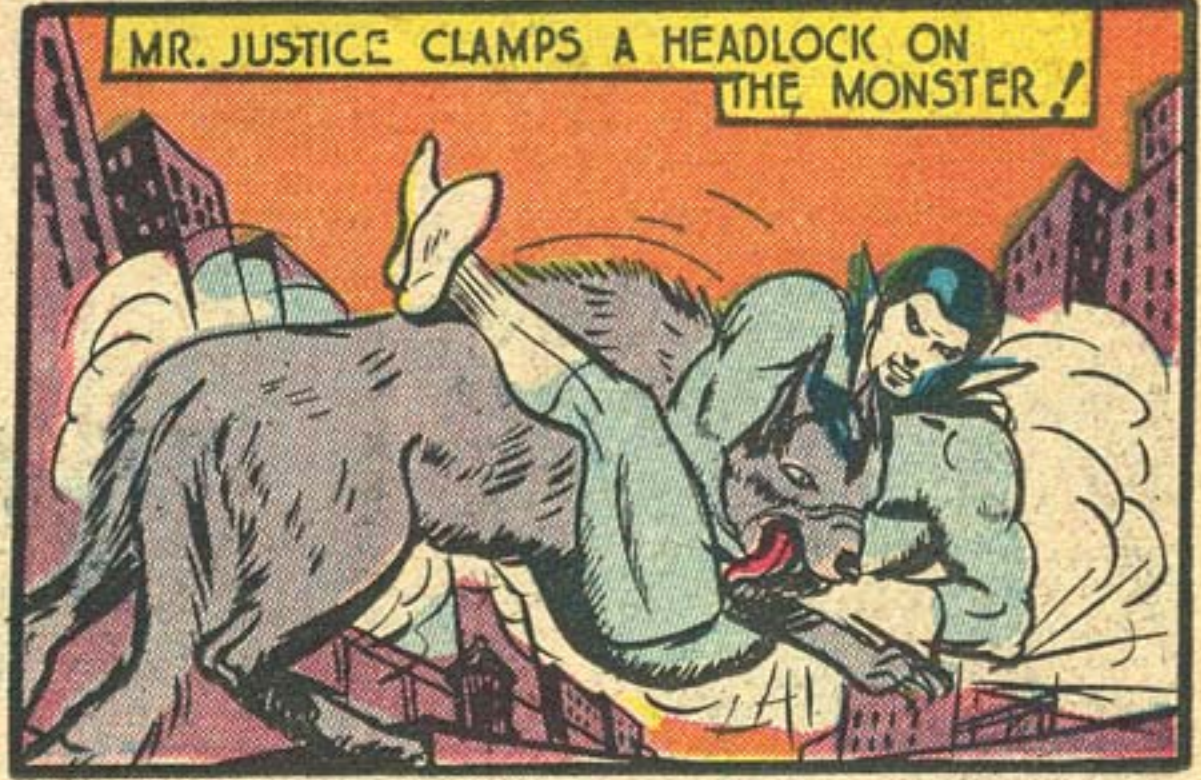
JUST A MINUTE, MISTER HUBBELLO!



THE VAMPIRE SUDDENLY CHANGES INTO A WEREWOLF AND DASHES OUT!



THE BEAST WHIRLS AROUND TO CONFRONT HIS PURSUER!



MR. JUSTICE CLAMPS A HEADLOCK ON THE MONSTER!



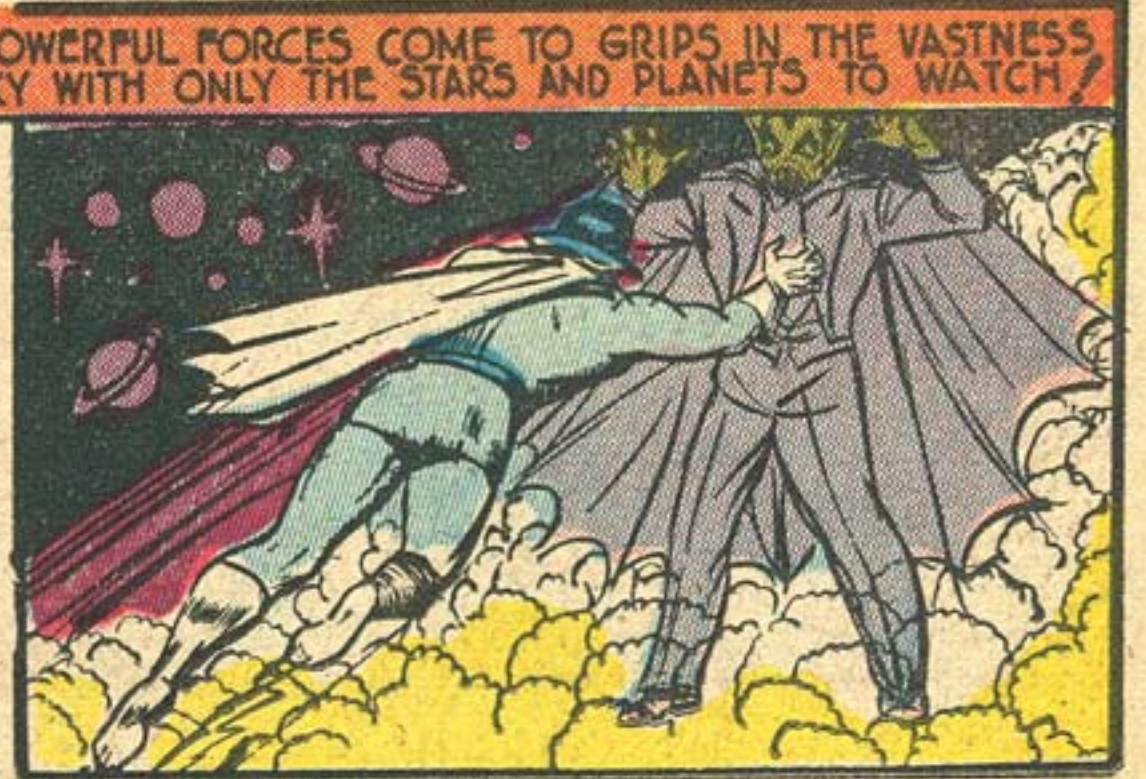
BUT ONCE AGAIN THE VAMPIRE MAKES HIS ESCAPE!



I CAN TRAVEL THROUGH THE AIR AS EASILY AS YOU!



REALIZING THAT HE CAN NOT ELUDE THE SPIRIT, HUBBELLO ASSUMES A SPIRIT FORM!



THE TWO POWERFUL FORCES COME TO GRIPS IN THE VASTNESS OF THE SKY WITH ONLY THE STARS AND PLANETS TO WATCH!



THE MUSCULAR FINGERS OF THE VAMPIRE CLOSE AROUND THE NECK OF HIS OPPONENT!



ONE BITE FROM ME AND YOU, TOO, WILL BE A VAMPIRE!



BUT MR. JUSTICE SLOWLY BEGINS TO OVERPOWER HIS ENEMY!



I CAN'T BREATH!  
MY THROAT!  
UGH!

THE ROYAL WRAITH TRANSMITS A POWERFUL INFLUENCE OF HIS OWN INTO THE MONSTER!



HUBBELLO! LOOK AT ME! YOU ARE NOT TOO FAR GONE TO BE SAVED! TELL ME WHO MADE YOU A VAMPIRE! IF WE CAN KILL THAT PERSON...YOUR LIFE WILL BE RESHAPED! **SPEAK! MAN! SPEAK!**

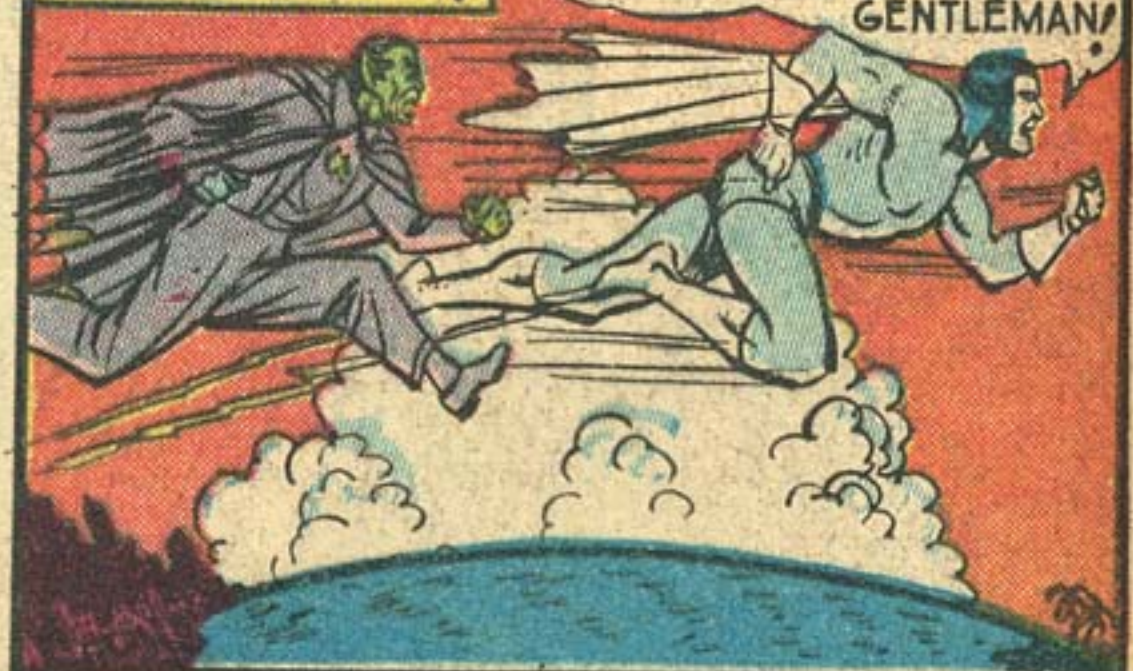


HE LIVES IN SOUTH AMERICA! THE "KING OF THE VAMPIRES" THEY CALL HIM. HE WAS BROUGHT FROM TRANSYLVANIA BY NAZIS, WHO WANTED TO GET ME UNDER THEIR POWER! BY MAKING ME A VAMPIRE, THEY KNEW THE TRADE AGREEMENT WITH THE UNITED STATES WOULD COLLAPSE!



THE TWO MEN RACE THROUGH THE SKY!

COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO CALL ON THAT GENTLEMAN!





TRAVELING FASTER THAN LIGHT THE TWO SOON ARRIVE OVER THE SOUTH AMERICAN CITY.

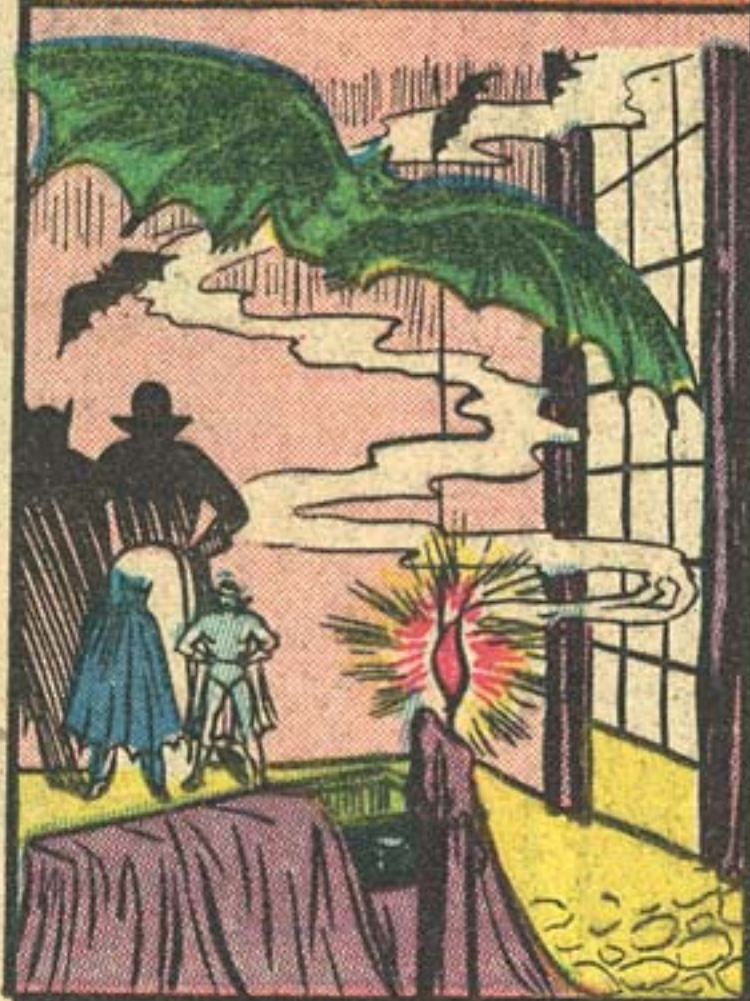


WHILE, ON A DARKENED STREET—

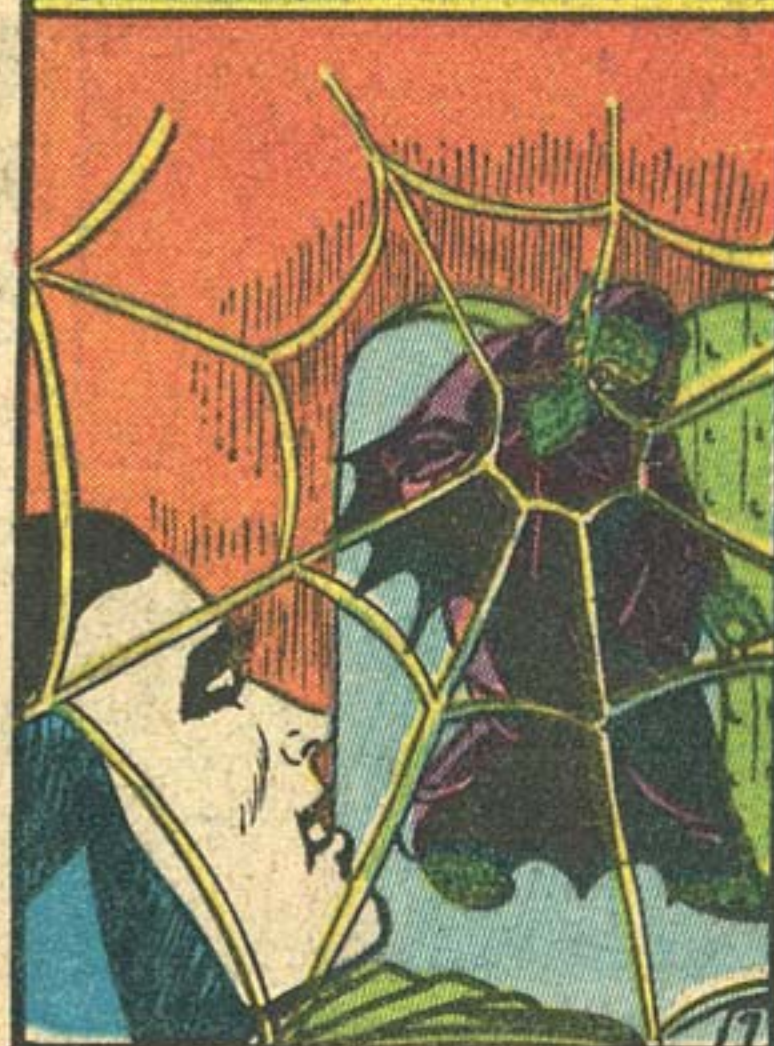
THE KING OF THE VAMPIRES IS CLAIMING ANOTHER VICTIM.



HUBBELLO AND Mr. JUSTICE ARRIVE AT THE DEMON'S LAIR AND AWAIT HIS COMING.



JUST BEFORE THE BREAK OF DAWN THE FIEND ENTERS



WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT WHO I AM!



HA! HA! HA! ARE YOU FOOLISH ENOUGH TO THINK YOU CAN PIT YOUR PUNY STRENGTH AGAINST ME? HO/HO



HELPLESS TO AID Mr. JUSTICE BECAUSE VAMPIRES CAN NOT BATTLE VAMPIRES, HUBBELLO HUDDLES IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM AS THE BATTLE RAGES /







THE KING OF THE VAMPIRES DEALS MR. JUSTICE A BLOW ON THE SKULL



AS DAWN IS ABOUT TO BREAK, THE FABULOUS DEMON HURRIES TO HIS COFFIN.....KNOWING THAT UNLESS HE IS INSIDE BY DAY-BREAK, HE WILL BE FOREVER DEAD!



MR. JUSTICE MAKES A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO STOP THE CREATURE!

THE SUN CREEPS UP OUT OF THE RIM OF NIGHT, AND THE VAMPIRE KING SLOWLY BEGINS TO CRUMBLE INTO POWDERY NOTHINGNESS!



WITH THE FINAL AND COMPLETE DISINTEGRATION OF THE KING OF VAMPIRES, A TRANSFORMATION COMES OVER CARLOS HUBBELLO!



YOU SEE, CARLOS! YOU'RE A NEW MAN, NOW!

I--I CAN'T REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED! TELL ME ABOUT IT! IT'S ALL A BIT HAZY!



COME ON WITH ME! I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU AS WE GO! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO NORTH AMERICA AS FAST AS WE CAN!



**NOTE:**

ALTHOUGH IT IS JUST DAWN OVER SOUTH AMERICA IT IS STILL DARK IN NORTH AMERICA, (DUE TO THE THREE HOURS DIFFERENCE IN TIME)... FURTHERMORE, TIME IN THE SPIRIT WORLD IS A NEGLIGIBLE FACTOR. IT HAS BEEN ONLY A MATTER OF A FEW MINUTES SINCE Mr. JUSTICE BEGAN HIS STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH CARLOS HUBBELLO



WON'T THEY MISS US AT THE CLUB?

NO, CARLOS, I DOUBT THEY EVEN KNOW WE ARE GONE!



AS THE DANCERS TAKE THEIR ENCORE THERE'S A PUFF OF SMOKE



Mr. JUSTICE ASSUMES HIS MORTAL FORM AGAIN...

WHAT HAPPENED, I---?

THE DANCE MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED YOU, PAT. IT'S SO CLOSE IN HERE, YOU FAINTED!



THE MEN HELP PAT BACK TO THE TABLE AS THE LIGHTS COME ON



WHAT MEN?

A COUPLE OF FOREIGN AGENTS, PAT. EXCUSE ME, A MOMENT!

THERE ARE THE MEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT, Mr. JUSTICE!



LET'S GET GOING! SOME KIND OF A SPOOK IS AFTER US!

THE NEXT INSTANT THE ETHEREAL SPIRIT OF Mr. JUSTICE IS ON THE HEELS OF THE NAZIS..



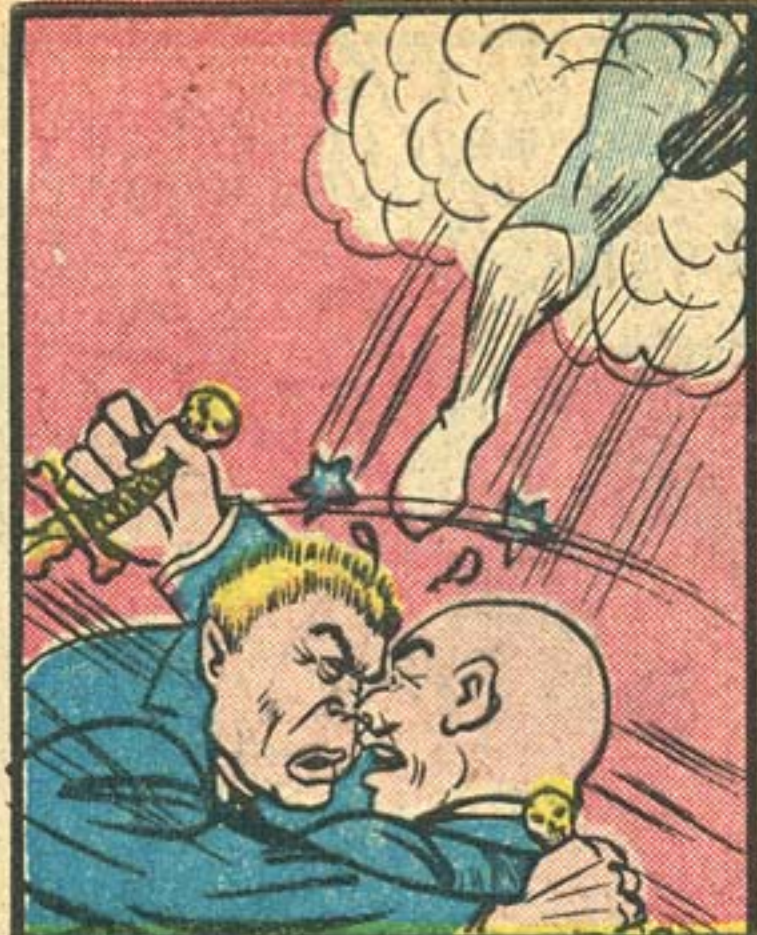
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT---





WHY ARE WE RUNNING? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN OUR GOLD KNIVES? THEY WILL KILL A GHOST! HURRY! HERE HE COMES!

NOTE: ONLY KNIVES FASHIONED OF PURE GOLD... TAKEN AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT FROM THE TOMB OF THE EGYPTIAN KING ANKHAMAN II... ARE CAPABLE OF KILLING BEINGS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD!



AS THE SPIES LUNGE FOR MIM... MR. JUSTICE'S SPIRIT FORM LEAPS INTO THE AIR...



NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR GOLD KNIVES CAN DO AGAINST HUMAN FISTS!

AND IN A SPLIT-SECOND, HE DESCENDS AS A MORTAL BEING!



MR. JUSTICE! GOOD FOR YOU! HUBBELLO WAS JUST TELLING US YOU WERE AFTER SOME SPIES... OR SOMETHING!



I HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST THESE MEN TO JAIL THEM FOR LIFE FOR AN ACT OF ESPIONAGE!

AND AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I WILL PROSECUTE THEM MYSELF!



NOW THAT THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF, MAYBE I'LL STILL GET A CHANCE TO DANCE WITH YOU!



NOW I SHALL MAKE THE LITTLE SPEECH I POSTPONED... IT SEEMS THAT CERTAIN ALIENS WOULD LIKE TO HAVE RUINED THE TRADE AGREEMENT BETWEEN OUR TWO NATIONS BUT....

MR. JUSTICE APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!

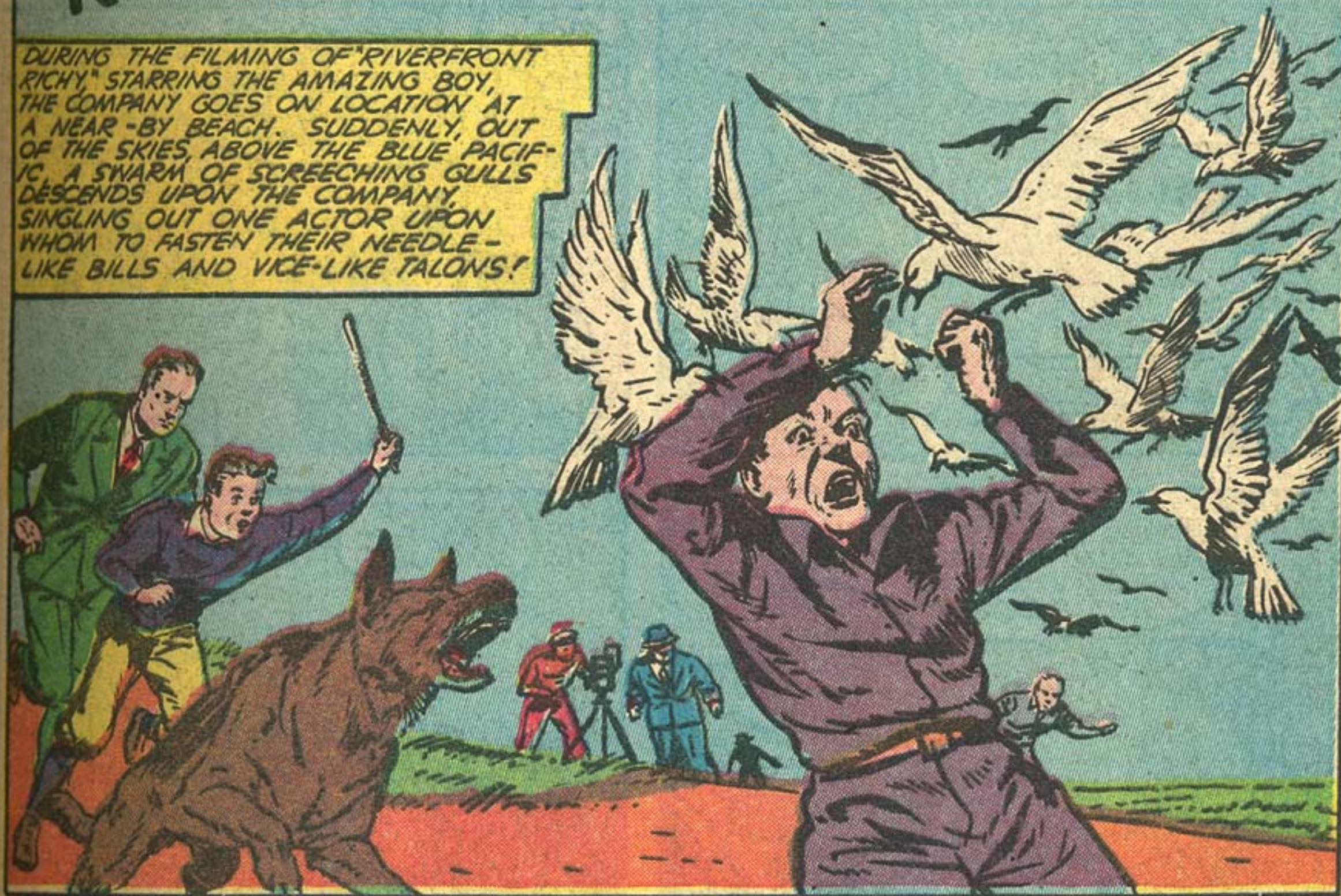


# RANG-A-TANG

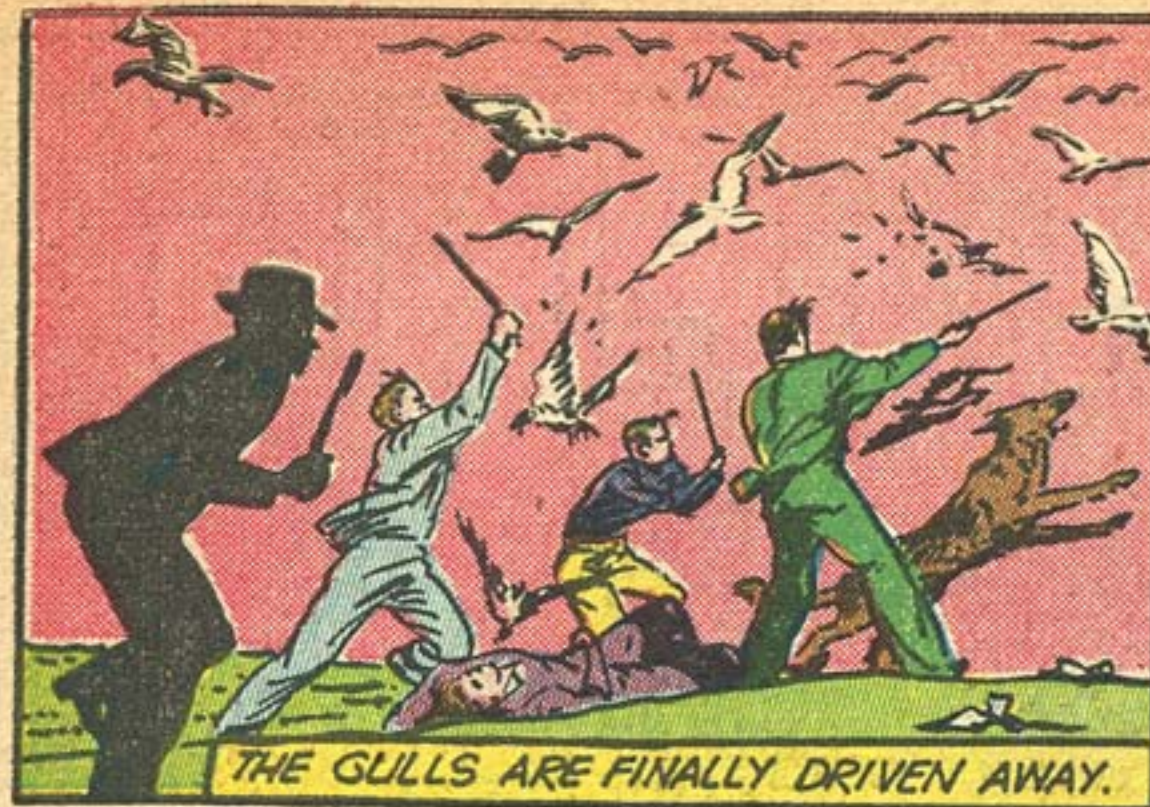
THE WONDER DOG WITH

*Richy* THE AMAZING BOY

DURING THE FILMING OF "RIVERFRONT RICHY" STARRING THE AMAZING BOY, THE COMPANY GOES ON LOCATION AT A NEAR-BY BEACH. SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SKIES, ABOVE THE BLUE PACIFIC, A SWARM OF SCREECHING GULLS DESCENDS UPON THE COMPANY, SINGLING OUT ONE ACTOR UPON WHOM TO FASTEN THEIR NEEDLE-LIKE BILLS AND VICE-LIKE TALONS!







THE GULLS ARE FINALLY DRIVEN AWAY.



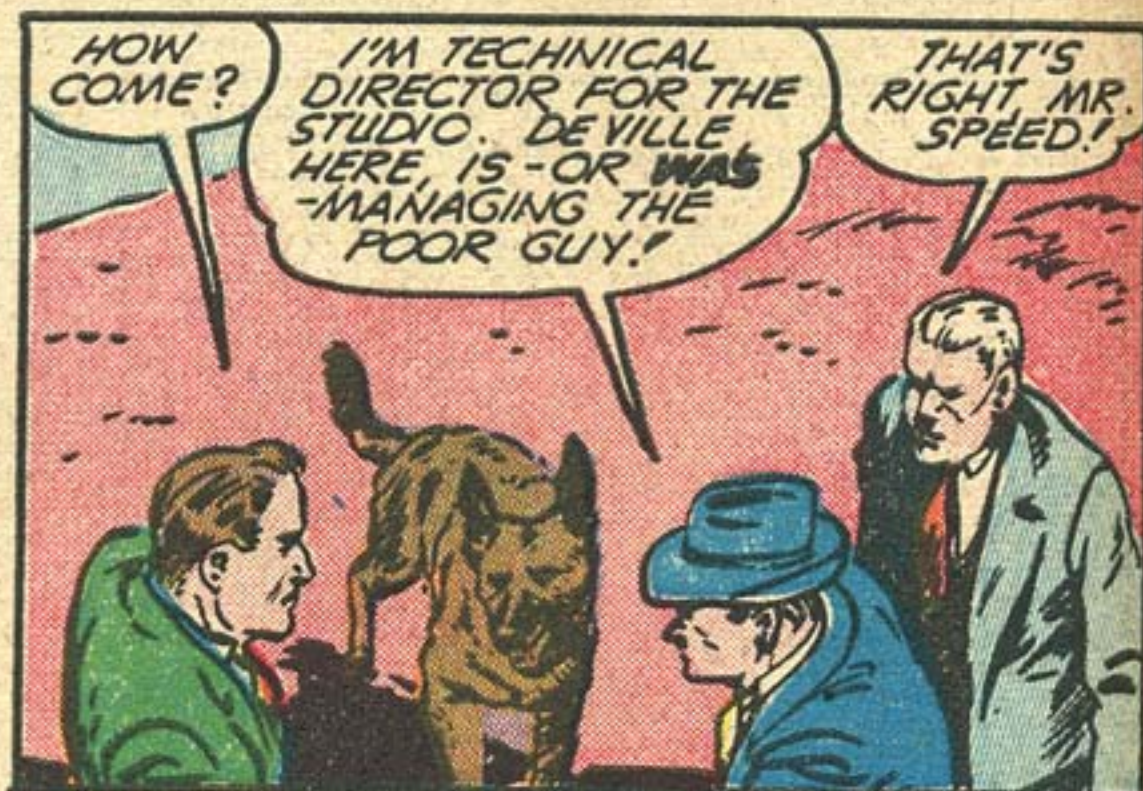
THIS MAN IS DEAD! HIS FACE HAS BEEN PICKED AWAY TO THE BONE!

I CAN'T LOOK!



PRETTY TOUGH BREAK FOR YOU, ISN'T IT, SALESNICK? YOU'RE HIS MANAGER, AREN'T YOU?

NOT ANY MORE, I'M NOT!



HOW COME?

I'M TECHNICAL DIRECTOR FOR THE STUDIO. DEVILLE HERE, IS - OR WAS - MANAGING THE POOR GUY!

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. SPEED!



I SEE! WELL I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO EXCEPT TO GO BACK TO THE STUDIO!



RANG! RICHY-LET'S GO!



GOSH HY! I WONDER WHAT CAUSED THOSE GULLS TO ATTACK HIM?

JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS WE CAN'T EXPLAIN I GUESS!



OF COURSE WE'LL HAVE TO REPORT IT TO RED REAGAN, OVER AT THE HOMICIDE BUREAU, AND THEN I'LL TAKE IT UPON MYSELF TO BREAK THE BAD NEWS TO MR. WYNGOLD! MEANWHILE YOU REPORT TO THE SET WHERE THEY'RE SHOOTING THE NEXT SCENE.



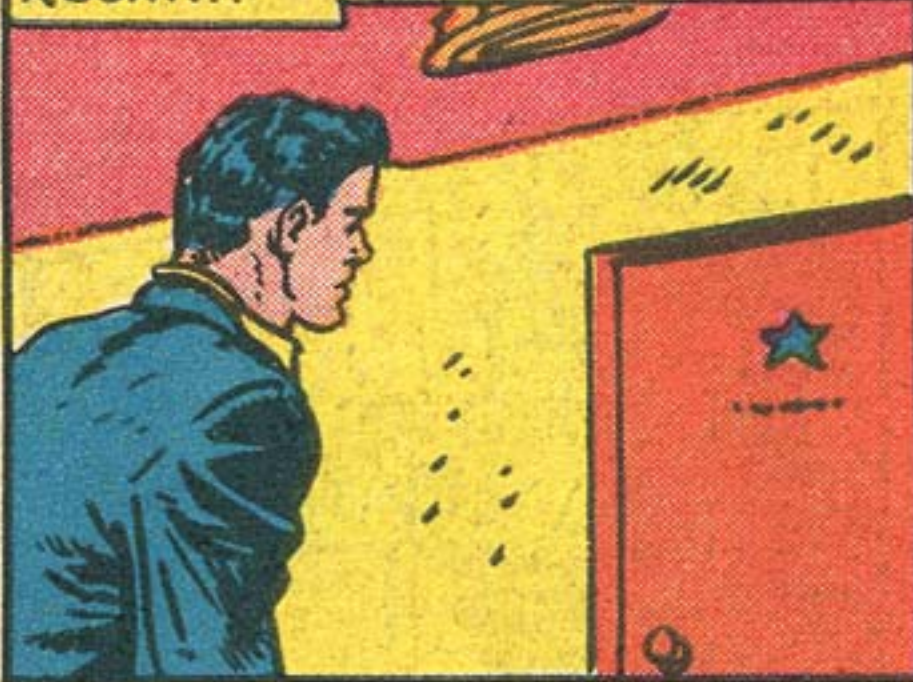
BACK ON THE SET, THE DIRECTOR GETS SET TO GO WITH THE SHOOTING SCHEDULE!

YOUR SCENE IS NEXT, MR. NUMI! I THINK YOU'D BETTER TOUCH UP YOUR MAKE-UP, FIRST

ALL RIGHT, BERT.



SAUL NUMI APPROACHES HIS ROOM...



WHILE INSIDE, A PAIR OF HANDS...



STEALTHILY SWITCHES MAKE-UP JARS!



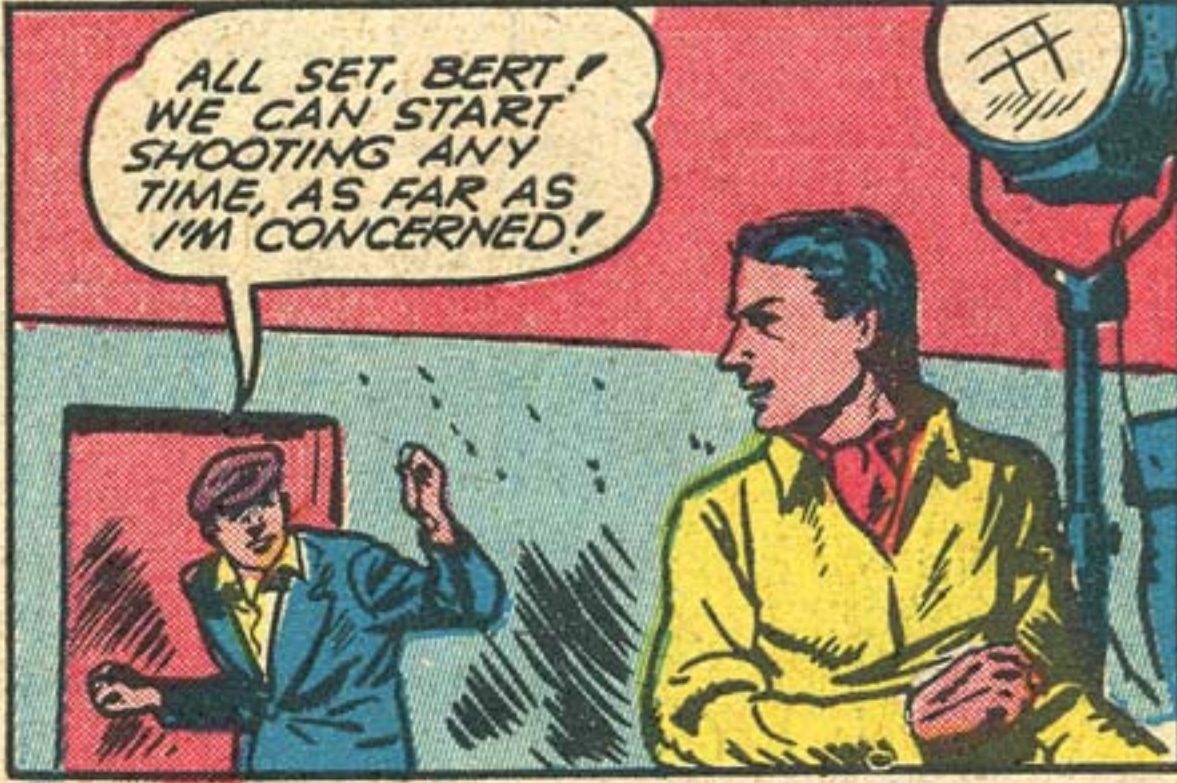
WHO'S IN HERE? HMM! I MUST BE TIRED - THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE GOING OUT THE OTHER DOOR!



NUMI CAREFULLY APPLIES THE MAKE-UP CREAM TO HIS FACE.



ALL SET, BERT! WE CAN START SHOOTING ANY TIME, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!



OKAY, NUMI! LET'S GET GOING!



PLACES EVERYONE! WE'RE GETTING READY FOR THE TAKES!





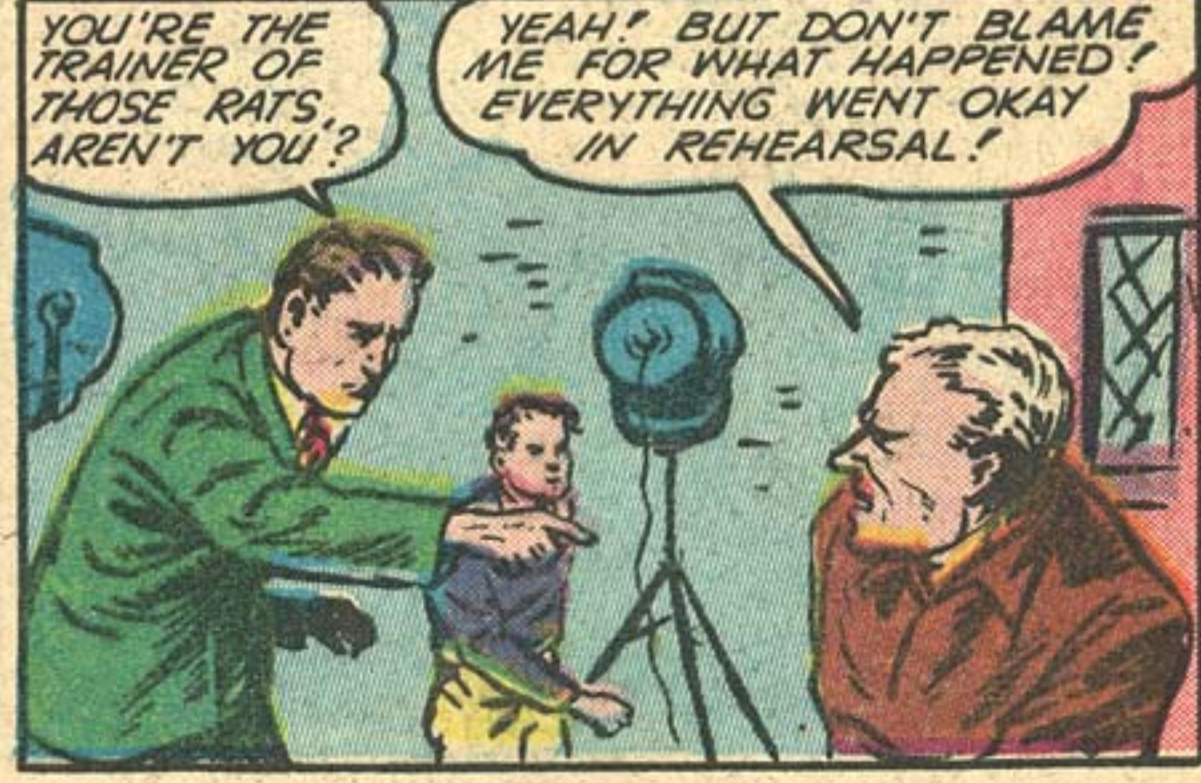




THE RATS SWARM ALL OVER THE TWO LEAD CHARACTERS!



ONCE AGAIN, THE CRIME-BUSTING TRIO RUSHES IN!







SPEED, YOU'VE GOT TO GET THIS THING SOLVED! WHY IS IT THAT ONLY THE STARS UNDER CONTRACT TO ME HAVE MET WITH THESE "ACCIDENTS" -OR WHATEVER YOU CALL THEM!



DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT PAUL HUMI IS UNDER YOUR MANAGEMENT, TOO?

YES! AND SO IS MARJORIE REMBRANT, WHO APPEARS IN THE NEXT SCENE!

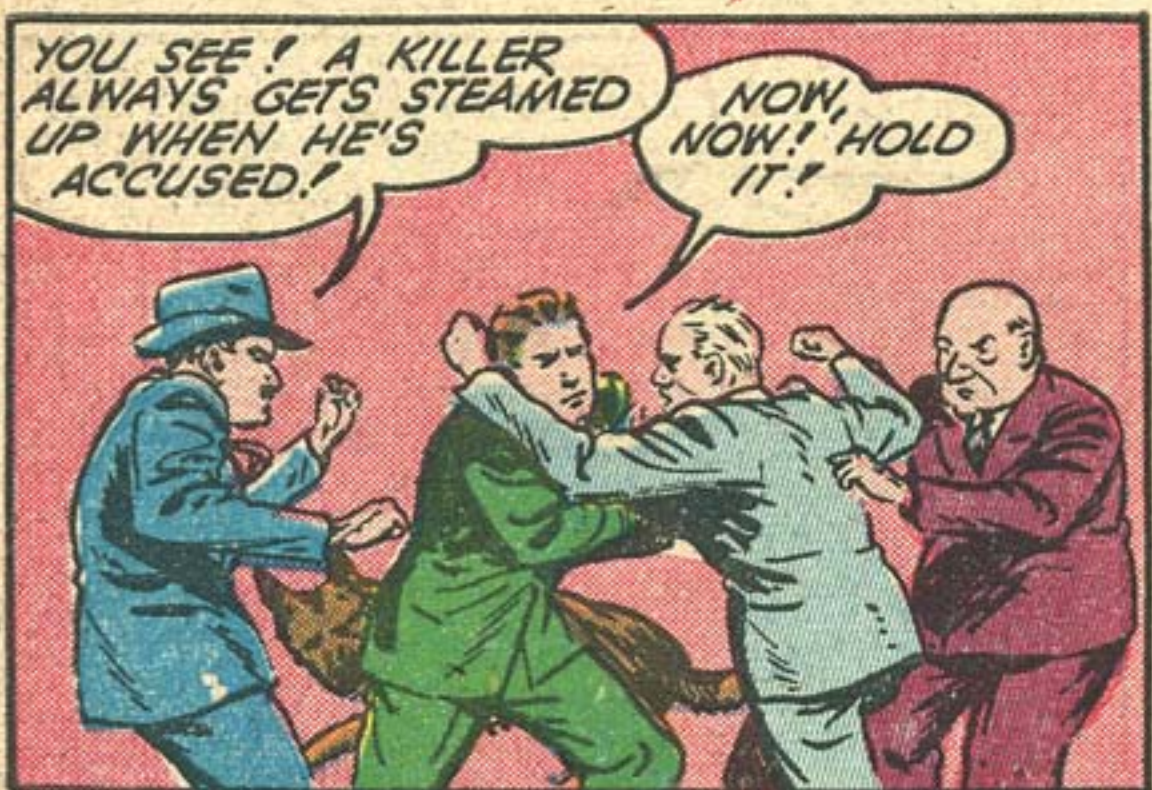


I'LL GIVE YOU A TIP WORTH THINKING OVER, MR. SPEED!

YES, WHAT IS IT?



THIS MAN HAS HIS STARS INSURED FOR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! IF THEY'RE KILLED, THINK OF THE MONEY HE GETS!



YOU SEE! A KILLER ALWAYS GETS STEAMED UP WHEN HE'S ACCUSED!

NOW, NOW! HOLD IT!

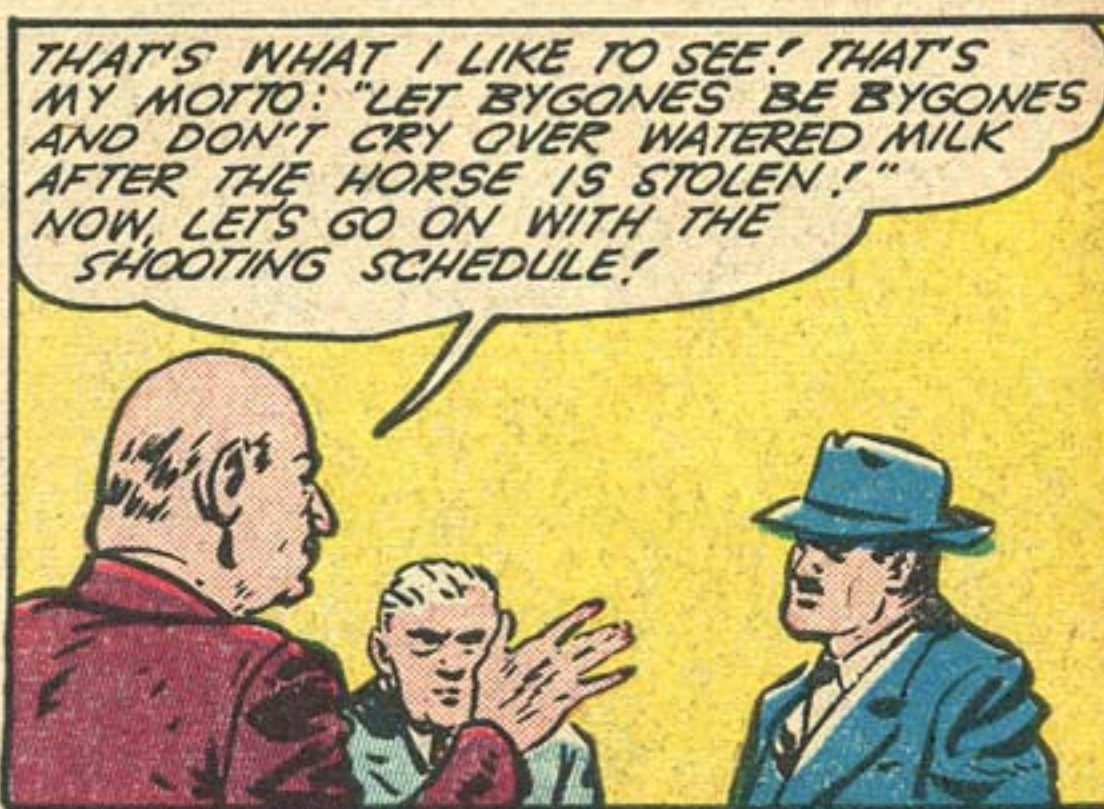


THINGS ARE BAD ENOUGH HERE AS THEY STAND! SO LET'S NOT GET ON EACH OTHERS NECKS! HOW ABOUT YOU MEN APOLOGIZING AND FORGETTING WHAT HAPPENED!



OKAY! I'M SORRY I SAID THAT!

I FORGIVE YOU! I GUESS WE'RE ALL A LITTLE WORKED UP!



THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE! THAT'S MY MOTTO: "LET BYGONES BE BYGONES AND DON'T CRY OVER WATERED MILK AFTER THE HORSE IS STOLEN!" NOW, LET'S GO ON WITH THE SHOOTING SCHEDULE!





NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR SCENE STRAIGHT, HAVEN'T YOU, RICHY?

YES, SIR! I HAVE A CAT AND-

WAIT A MINUTE. I WANT TO LOOK AT THOSE CATS!



HERE THEY ARE, SIR!

THIS MAY SEEM SILLY, BUT AFTER WHAT OCCURRED WITH THE SEA GULLS AND THE RATS, IT DOESN'T HURT TO BE SURE!



WELL, THEY SEEM HARMLESS ENOUGH! WOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS ONE! IT'S GETTING ITS BACK UP?



YOU'LL FIND THE REASON FOR THAT RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



RANG! YOU CLOWN! COMING OVER HERE TO MAKE IT TOUGH FOR ME, HUH? WELL, RUN ALONG! THESE CATS DON'T GET THE JOKE!



SAM- I WANT YOU TO ASK THE DIRECTOR TO REHEARSE THIS SCENE BEFORE THEY SHOOT IT! I HAVE A HUNCH!



AH- YOU THERE! I WANT YOU SHOULD REHEARSE THIS SCENE BEFORE THE TAKES!"

SORRY, MR. WYNGOLD!



WE HAVE TO BE OFF THIS SET IN A HALF HOUR! WE CAN'T AFFORD THE TIME!

EVEN IN MY OWN STUDIO I CAN'T RUN THINGS LIKE I WANT!

OKAY, SAM! FORGET IT!



OH-MR. SPEED! I'VE JUST TOUCHED UP MISS REMBRANTS MAKE-UP! WOULD YOU MIND TAKING THIS CREAM AND DOING THE SAME FOR RICHY? I'VE GOT A MILLION AND ONE OTHER THINGS TO DO RIGHT NOW!

SURE! I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP!

NOW, RICHY-THIS SCENE MAY BE THE TIP-OFF ON THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND BE ON THE ALERT FOR ANYTHING UNUSUAL!

OKAY, HY!

PLACES EVERYONE! THEY'RE GETTING READY TO SHOOT!

OKAY! LIGHTS AND CAMERA! ACTION!

THE CATS, RELEASED FROM THEIR BOX, START TOWARD THE ACTORS!

THEN...THE CATS SEEM TO GO CRAZY WITH HATE!

RICHY! THOSE CATS! LOOKOUT!

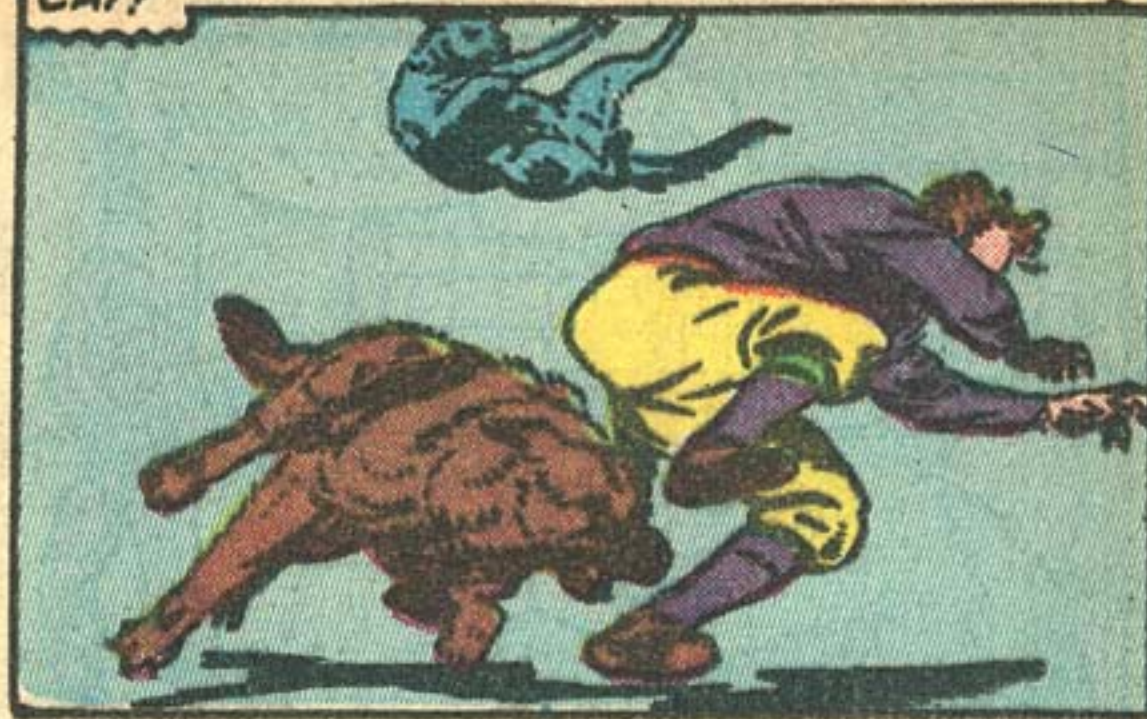
ONE SWEEP OF THE CAT'S PAW MEANS INSTANT DEATH FOR MARJORIE REMBRANT.



RANG HURTLES HIMSELF TOWARD RICHY...



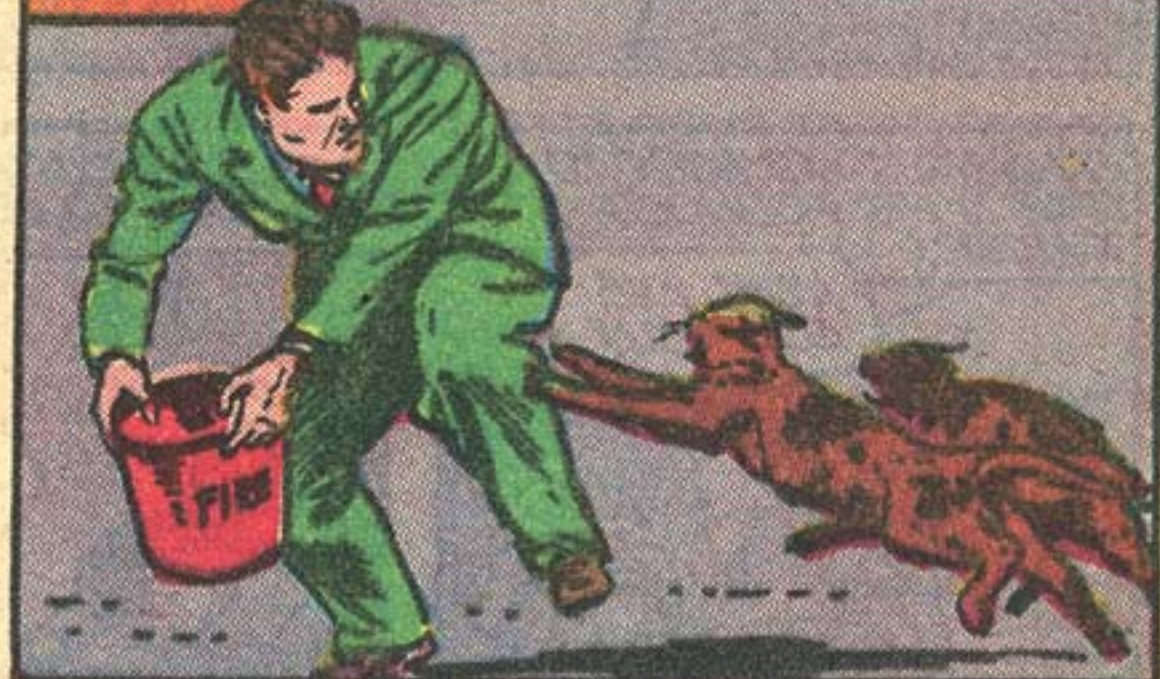
KNOCKING HIM FROM UNDER THE POISONED CAT!



AS HY RUSHES TO RICHY'S AID, THE CATS SUDDENLY TURN ON HIM-CLAWING FOR HIS HANDS.



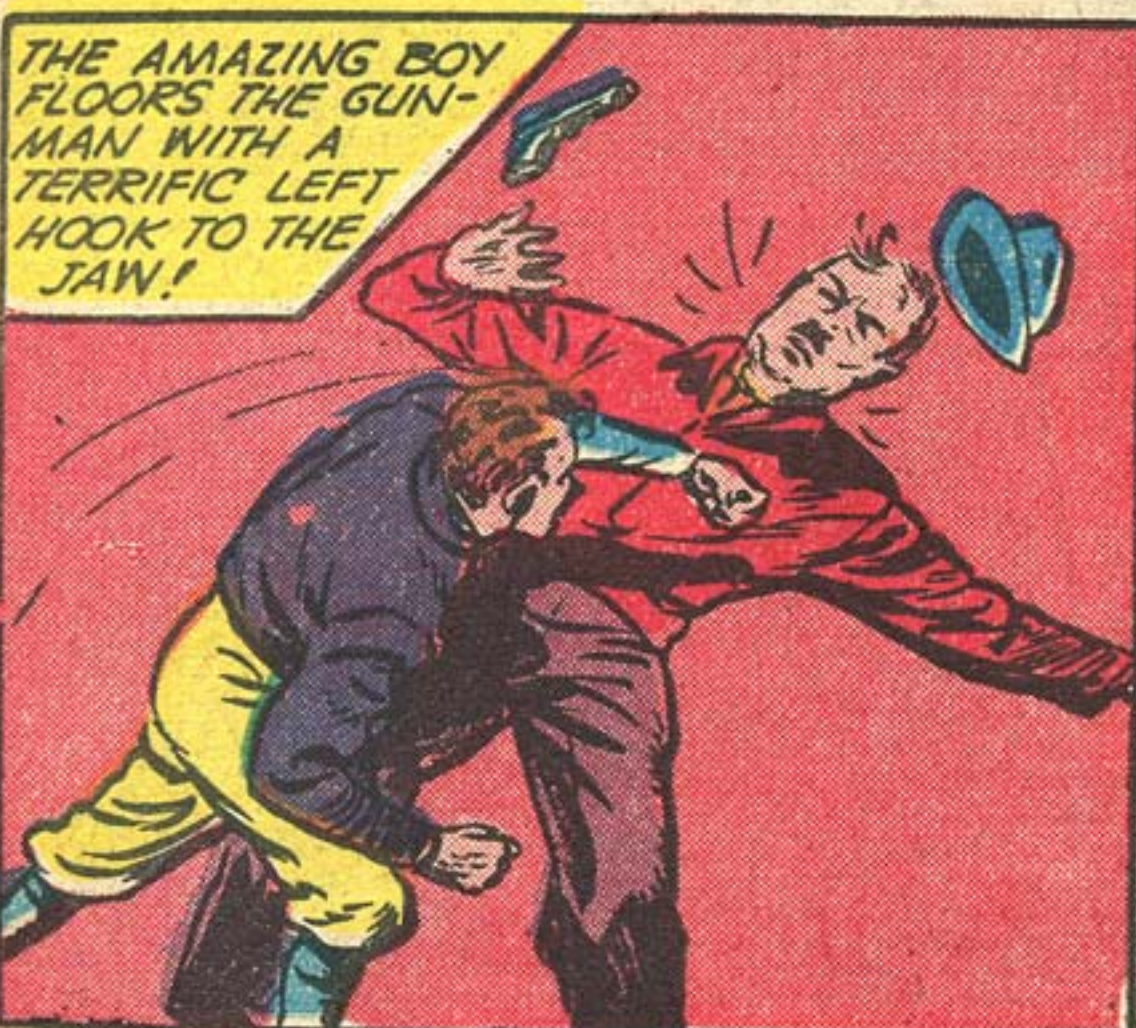
THE DETECTIVE RETREATS, GRABBING UP A BUCKET!



AS THE CATS LEAP, HY DUMPS THEM TO THE FLOOR, UNDER THE BUCKET!







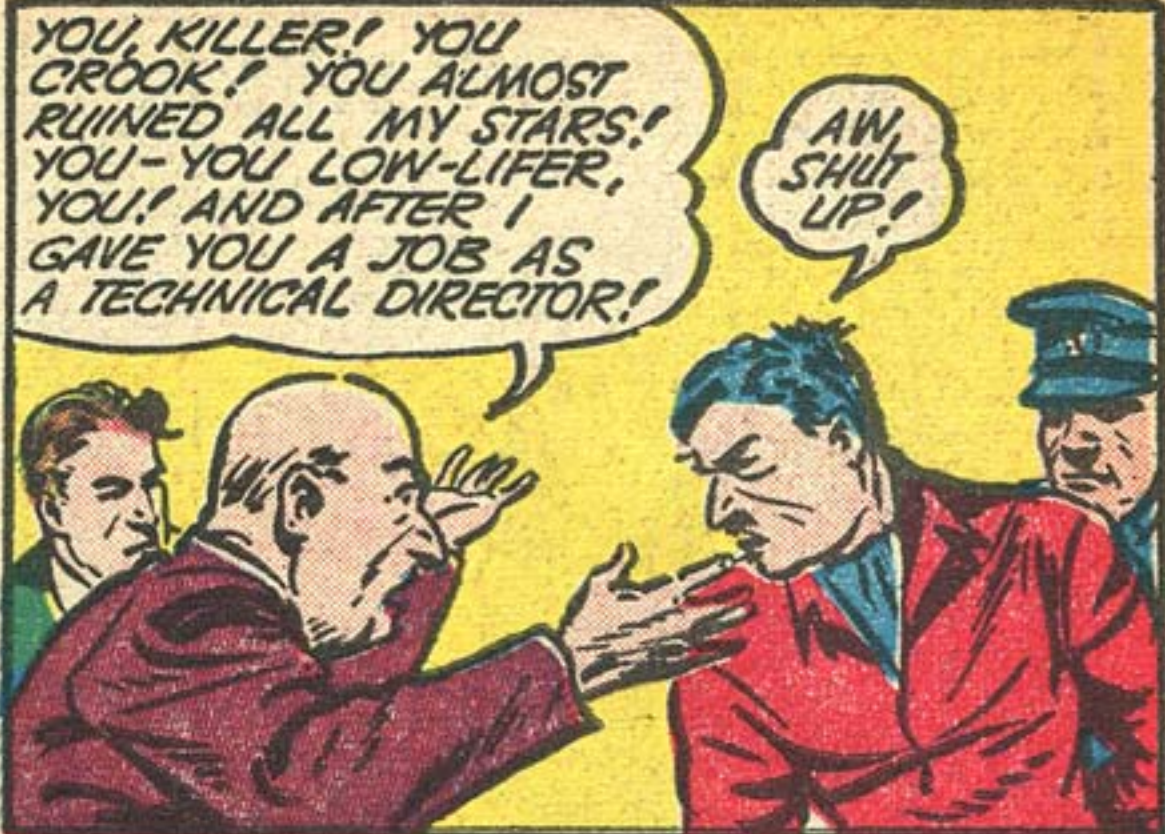




MY GOODNESS!  
YOU AIN'T DEAD,  
YET?

JUST A SHOULDER  
WOUND, SAM! IT'LL  
BE ALL RIGHT!  
MEANWHILE THERE'S  
YOUR KILLER!

OH,  
MY  
JAW!



YOU, KILLER! YOU  
CROOK! YOU ALMOST  
RUINED ALL MY STARS!  
YOU-YOU LOW-LIFER,  
YOU! AND AFTER I  
GAVE YOU A JOB AS  
A TECHNICAL DIRECTOR!

AW,  
SHUT  
UP!



I KNOW YOU  
SUSPECTED ME,  
MR. SPEED?  
BUT WHY DID  
SALESNICK  
DO IT?

TO RUN YOU OUT  
OF BUSINESS, DE  
VILLE. HE WAS SORE  
BECAUSE ALL THE  
STARS WERE UNDER  
CONTRACT TO YOU! HE  
WANTED TO  
MANAGE 'EM  
HIMSELF!



THE MAKE-UP CREAM  
FINALLY GAVE ME  
THE CLUE! I HAD  
SOME ON MY HANDS  
-AND THE CATS  
WENT FOR MY  
HANDS.  
THAT  
ENDED  
THE  
CASE!

AND IT ALMOST  
ENDED ALL OF US!  
BUT NOW THAT  
SALESNICK  
IS CAUGHT,  
MAYBE  
WE CAN  
FINISH MY  
PICTURE!

MORE  
THRILLING  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
CRIME  
BUSTING  
TRIO  
IN THE  
NEXT  
ISSUE  
OF  
BLUE  
RIBBON  
COMICS.



Wing Span, 46 in.  
Length Overall, 26 1/2 in.  
Fuselage Cross Section, 10 sq. in.  
Wing Area, 254 sq. in.  
Weight, 16 oz.

# Win This Gas Model PLANE!

## 23 Prizes Just for NAMING IT

Come on, Kids—win this New Gas Model Airplane by sending us the best name for it. Oh, Boy! Here's your chance to try your skill at naming this speedy little number which has a specially built motor. The very first name you think of may be just the one to win this Airplane for you. So send a name right away.

You will get one of these sleek, fast-flying Model Airplanes if the name you send for it wins First, Second, Third, Fourth, or Fifth Prize. Sixth Prize will be \$10.00; Seventh Prize, \$5.00; Eighth Prize, \$3.00; and then there will be 15 more prizes of \$1.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

### The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

"Speed King" and "High Flier", have been suggested as possible names but you can think of a better one. Look at the picture (for the airplane is exactly like the picture), imagine that you are the proud owner of this model flier, then naming it will be easy. You'll be thrilled at this plane's powerful performance. Yes, Sir! It promises to be a favorite at the big air meets because this Class "A" type plane makes such beautiful flights when it is completed according to instructions. The "199" Megow Motor it has is built for long life and easy running because it comes with a permanently sealed-in crankcase and an extra long bronze bearing.

You can bet this motor really "sings" of power. The plane itself has a "Rite Pitch" propeller—a Flight Timer—and Rubber Wheels. Just place the motor in position! Crank her up! Let her go! And watch her zoom through the air! Any boy or girl, living in the 48 states, may send in a name. This offer closes March 31, 1941, so be prompt! Mail us only ONE airplane name on a penny postal card TODAY. Be sure to sign your full name and address on the card and address it to



Bore and Stroke,  
3/8 in.  
H. P., 1/7  
R. P. M., 2,000 to  
10,000  
Displacement,  
.199  
Propeller,  
9 in. Dia.,  
4 in. Pitch  
Static Thrust,  
28 oz.  
Weight, 3 oz.

MODEL AIRPLANE CLUB, 16 Capper Building, TOPEKA, KANSAS



# THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS



EVERYONE loves a dog. That is because down deep inside, everyone is kind, and because everyone craves companionship. The old adage "man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the RANG-A-TANG CLUB and to become a prospect for charter membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION.

THE purpose of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB is to have fellowship among dog lovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also, the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The RANG-A-TANG CLUB'S veterinarian, DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON will furnish to members of the CLUB absolutely free by mail only, information about the care and training of dogs.

The letter below from Leonard Lane of 397 E. 91st Street, Brooklyn, New York, is an example of the kind of letter that you can write to the RANG-A-TANG CLUB.

Dear Doctor Slawson:

My dog has been sick for a few days. He eats less than before and has lost his pep. He does not respond when I call him the way he used to. He feels very hot to the touch. Last night he vomited up his food. Please tell me how to feed him.

Sincerely yours,

LEONARD LANE

## How to Join THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

FILL in the coupon which contains the RANG-A-TANG OATH, and mail it to Hy Speed, together with the coin, to cover handling.

Members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB will receive an embossed membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button, as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's Booklet, "Highlights On The Health Of Your Dog and Cat", and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only, the professional advice of DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON, Veterinarian, absolutely free.

DO YOU have any questions on the care and training of your dog? If you do, membership in the RANG-A-TANG CLUB entitles you to ask your questions, and have them answered by the CLUB'S licensed registered Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. Merely fill out the questionnaire printed below and enclose it with your letter, as well as a stamped self-addressed envelope. This is important because unless these instructions are followed, your question will not be answered. Address your letter to THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB, 168 West Broadway, New York City.

# THE RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION

## HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the HONOR LEGION

**1st WAY**—In keeping with your RANG-A-TANG Oath of membership, write us a letter relating an exceptional deed you performed involving kindness or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wild life, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION

- A—All letters must be certified to by parent or guardian
- B—All those who become Charter Members will have their names published in the pages of BLUE RIBBON COMICS
- C—Outstanding letters will be published on the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION page.

**2nd WAY**—Enlist two of your friends as members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. Here's how you do it:—

- A—Just have them apply for membership to the Club in the same way as you did.
- B—Then drop me a postcard giving me their names and addresses
- C—Be sure and write your own name and address on this card so that we can make you a Charter Member of the HONOR LEGION

Charter members of the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION will receive a beautifully engraved HONOR LEGION diploma, suitable for framing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, the author Joe Blair, the artist Ed. Smalle, Jr. and myself

Just remember this: it is only necessary to do *one* of the above two things to obtain Charter Membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Go to it

HY SPEED

120 West Schiller, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Hy Speed

One evening, while on my vacation at my grandmother's home a short distance from Chicago, we heard a noise on the back porch. When we went to investigate, we found a poor, starved dog. My grandmother took it in, and gave it food and a home. This dog has turned out to be a fox hound, and is a wonderful hunter. Recently, she caught a twenty-six pound possum. She is an exceptionally smart dog, has baby brown eyes, and understands everything we say to her.

Russell A. Young

## THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Dorothy King  
52 Jewel Street  
Forest Hills, L.I.

Toby Sklar  
114 Bay 32nd Street  
Bklyn, New York

Lilyan Campbell  
1007 Douglas Ave.  
Elgin, Illinois

Erwin Peake  
53 Gage Avenue  
Union, South Carolina

Jeannette Paytaven  
Box #28  
Troy, Michigan

Kent Vanderbogart  
1561 Dudley Avenue  
Utica, New York

Buddy Byers  
668 Nineteenth Street  
Des Moines, Iowa

Joanne Pierce  
3714 Vantage Ave  
Studio City, Calif.

HY SPEED  
Blue Ribbon Comics  
168 West Broadway, New York City

Dear Hy Speed:

Please enroll me as a member of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I enclose the coin to cover cost of handling. It is understood that I am to receive my membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button.

Name ..... Age.....  
(PRINT CLEARLY)

Street Address .....

City and State .....

### OATH

On my honor, I pledge myself to deal kindly with all animals, be they in distress or otherwise. To do a good deed whenever I can. In all places, at all times, I will keep this pledge constantly in my heart and in my mind.

I do so solemnly swear—

Sign name .....

### QUESTIONNAIRE

Print Clearly

NAME ..... ADDRESS ..... BREED OF DOG .....

SEX OF DOG ..... APPROXIMATE WEIGHT ..... CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR) .....

EYES ..... NOSE ..... BOWEL FUNCTIONS .....

OTHER REMARKS .....



BO BOUIS KAYOES SILLY CONN IN 3RD FLOOR

THE



3 CENTS

EXTRA

SOCIETY GIRL THOUGHT TO BE SUICIDE

MARION HARPER FOUND DEAD IN HER HOME

BY RANSOM

I'LL EXPOSE YOU - I WON'T BE BLACKMAILED - OHHH!

YOU WON'T LIVE TO TALK!

BY IRWIN HASEN

EXTRA TORPEDO

LATE LAST NIGHT THE BODY OF MISS MARION HARPER WAS FOUND IN HER SWANK PARK AVENUE APARTMENT. POLICE THOUGHT HER DEATH A SUICIDE BECAUSE A GUN WAS FOUND IN THE DEAD HAND.

MONEY A BROAD



-AT THE OFFICE OF THE WEEKLY TATTLER, A SCANDAL SHEET.....

-WHAT GOOD IS A DEAD PROSPECT? MARION HARPER WAS WORTH, PLENTY!

I HAD TO, BOSS, SHE WAS GONNA TALK!

-ANYWAY, I STUCK THE ROD IN HER HAND. IT'LL LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!

-IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY GLOBE, PAUL PATTON AND RUTH RANSOM ARE CONFRONTED BY THEIR EDITOR.....

I TELL YOU, IT'S MURDER - THIS WAS UNDER THE BODY!

HMM! AN AD FORM FOR THE TATTLER!

THAT BLACKMAIL SHEET! THEY GET SOME INFO ABOUT SOMEONE AND THEN THREATEN TO PRINT IT - IF THE PROSPECT PAYS OFF, THEY DON'T SPILL THE BEANS!

-AND MISS HARPER WOULDN'T PAY OFF - I KNOW HOW WE CAN TRAP THEM! NOW HERE'S MY PLAN -



-RUTH UNFOLDS HER PLAN TO PAUL AND THE EDITOR





-A FEW DAYS LATER.....

PAUL, THEY'VE BITTEN FOR THAT SCANDAL WE FAKED ABOUT MY PAST- THEY WANT \$500!

MAYBE YOU HAD BETTER REFUSE- THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

I DON'T INTEND TO QUIT! AND FURTHERMORE I'M GOING THRU' WITH IT!

I THOUGHT SHE WAS A PHONEY- LET'S GET HER!



THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF!

-PAUL HELP-!

STAY PUT, MISTER!



-AT THE OFFICE OF THE TATTLER-

SO, MISS NOSEY, YOU'RE A REPORTER, EH?

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'ER?



RACING TO THE OFFICE OF THE TATTLER, PAUL HIDES OUTSIDE A WINDOW AS RUTH IS BROUGHT IN.

I'LL CALL THE BOSS AND LET HIM TAKE CARE OF HER- TAKE HER INSIDE!



HELLO, OPERATOR







WHA-?

TAKE IT EASY— BIG BOY!



WE'VE GOT LOTS TO TALK OVER, PAL— I - WERE GOING TO MY PLACE!



-TIME YOU WOKE UP!

WHERE AM I—? WHO ARE YOU?

-DONNING HIS SUIT OF BLACK, PALL PATTON, THE MEEK CAMERAMAN BECOMES THE NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD  
**THE FOX**



I'M THE FOX AND I WANT TO KNOW A FEW THINGS!

I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL ANYTHING!



DON'T TELL—WRITE IT! WHO KILLED MARION HARPER?



Hal Darro, our ad chaser killed Marion Harper She was going to expose him



EXPOSE WHAT—?

SHE KNEW HIM—HE'S WANTED DOWN SOUTH FOR MURDER!



WHO'S THE BOSS?

I-I DON'T KNOW— HE'S ALWAYS MASKED!



BACK AT THE OFFICES OF THE TATTLER



JUST LIKE I'M TELLIN YA-WHEN I GOT BACK-HE'S GONE!

SOUNDS FUNNY TO ME--!

-LIKE I SAY-HE'S ALL HET UP OVER ME COOLIN' THAT HARPER DAME! BUT I TELL HIM I CAN'T HELP IT!



TH-THE FOX!

HE'S GOT A PICTURE, GET 'IM!

OKAY, FOX THE PARTY'S OVER

JUST A LITTLE TOO CLEVER THIS TIME 'MR' FOX!

I GOT, DARROS PICTURE AS YOU ASKED, BOSS!

CLICK!



MY PICTURE? -WHAT FOR?

I DONT-SAY-?

HE WANTED TO SEND IT DOWN SOUTH ON THAT MURDER RAP!



WAIT-1-1-!

YOU DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN'!



WHAT A PICTURE!

BANG!



YOU TOO, FOX— YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!



- IN THE MEANTIME IN THE OTHER ROOM.....

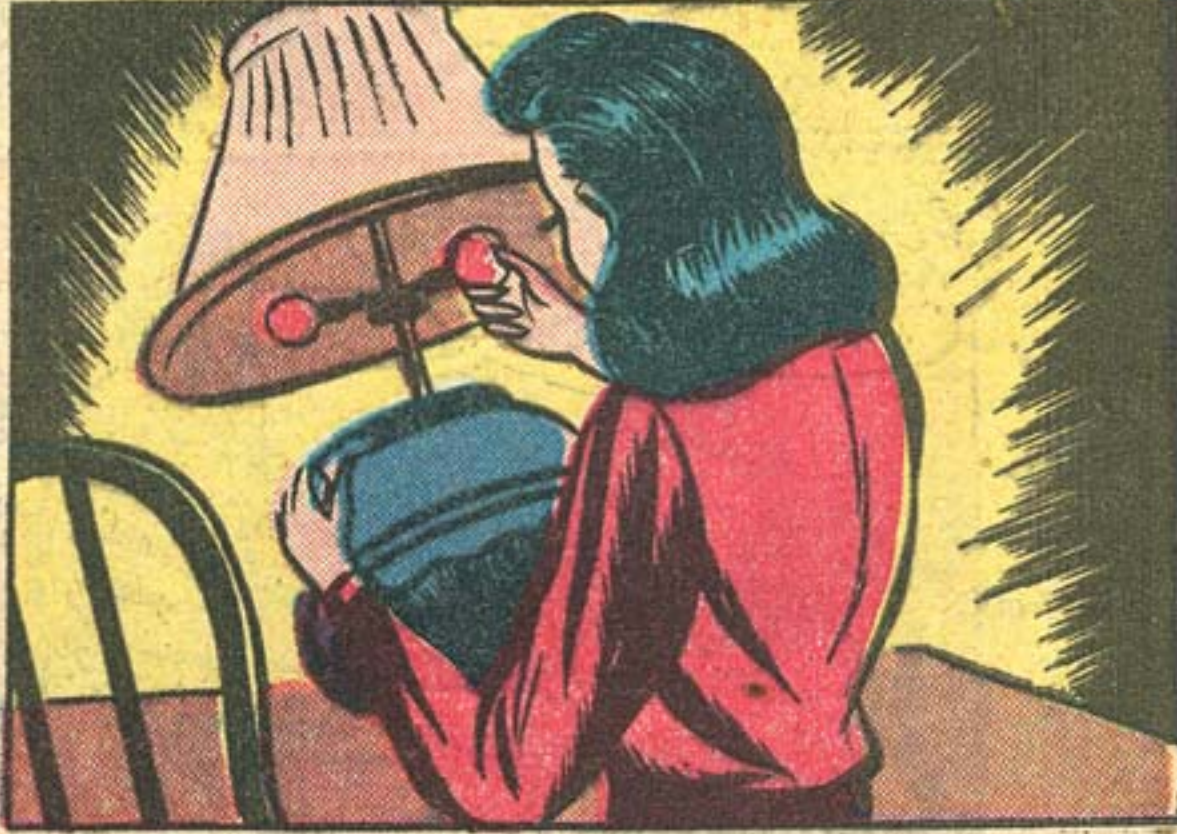
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET THEM OFF!



THE FOX!



I GOTTA DO SOMETHING  
- I GOTTA DO SOM-!  
I GOT IT!



STICK 'EM UP!

WHA-!

BANG!







ATTABOY!  
FOX!



NICE WORK, RUTH!  
MM-SO THATS IT!

THERE'LL BE SOME  
PIX AT YOUR HOTEL  
TONIGHT-S'LONG!

MAYBE NOT ALWAYS,  
RUTH RANSOM,  
MAYBE NOT ALWAYS!

MUST YOU  
ALWAYS RUN  
AWAY?



THESE WERE LEFT  
FOR YOU NOT FIFTEEN  
MINUTES AGO,  
MISS RANSOM

Later



- SO THE BOSS WAS  
MARION HARPER'S  
HUSBAND, AND HE  
TOOK AN EASY WAY  
OF GETTING RID  
OF HER-!



GET ME MAINE-43-  
HELLO PAUL?-I'VE  
GOT SOME PIX-!

FROM  
THE FOX  
I SUPPOSE!  
HOW DOES  
HE DO IT-?



HE'S A MAN! THAT'S WHY!  
AND HE ISN'T AFRAID TO  
STICK HIS NOSE WHERE  
THERE'S TROUBLE-  
LIKE SOME OTHER PARTY  
I KNOW-!



DAILY GLOBE  
FOX EXPOSES  
HARPER SLAYER!

EXCLUSIVE PIX

HAL DARRO  
AD MAN  
FOR THE  
TATTLER  
CONFESES

DONT MISS  
THE FOX  
IN  
NEXT MONTH'S  
BLUE RIBBON  
COMICS



# STEVE STACEY

## SKY DETECTIVE



ABOARD AN AMERICAN MADE FLYING FORTRESS BEING FERRIED TO CANADA, A FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS AND....

THIS WAS EASY, EH, FRITZ?

YEAH, LET'S HEAD FOR THE FIELD!



THE FLYING FORTRESS ALTERS ITS COURSE!



EXTRA!

DAILY STAR  
 FLYING FORTRESS  
 VANISHES!!  
 FIFTH IN TWO WEEKS

AT THE CIVILIAN AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY OFFICE IN WASHINGTON

STEVE, THE PRESIDENT HAS DEMANDED THAT THESE DISAPPEARANCES BE SOLVED! I WANT YOU TO LEAVE FOR CALIFORNIA AND BREAK THIS MYSTERY!

I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!



LATER I TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES THIS ISN'T A REASONABLE, GANG OF PETTY THIEVES. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

BUT STILL WHY CAN'T I GO?











WELL, I INVITED THAT NEW GUY, STONE. HE LOOKS EASY TO ME!

WITH HIM AT THE CONTROLS, YOU CAN MARK UP ANOTHER SHIP FOR GERMANY!

SHH.. HE JUST CAME IN!



WHAT DID YOU SAY HIS NAME WAS...STONE?

YEAH, STONE! STEVE STONE!



FOOLS, STUPID FOOLS! THAT MAN IS STEVE STACEY, A C.A.A. INSPECTOR! HIS PICTURE WAS IN THE PAPERS DURING THE MIAMI AIR RACES!

WHY THE... ROCKS, BRING THEM IN, AND ACT NATURAL!



QUITE A PARTY! OH, HERE COMES ROCKS. HELLO, THERE!

HULLO! GLAD YOU BOTH COULD COME! MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME!



DO YOU THINK HE IS ONE OF THEM?

I'M NOT SURE BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM OR THAT MANAGER! I GOT THIS JOB TOO EASY!



WAIT HERE, I AM GOING TO CALL WASHINGTON TO CHECK ON THEM!



HELLO... WHAT THE?

OH NO YOU DON'T INSPECTOR STACEY!



OH YES I DO!

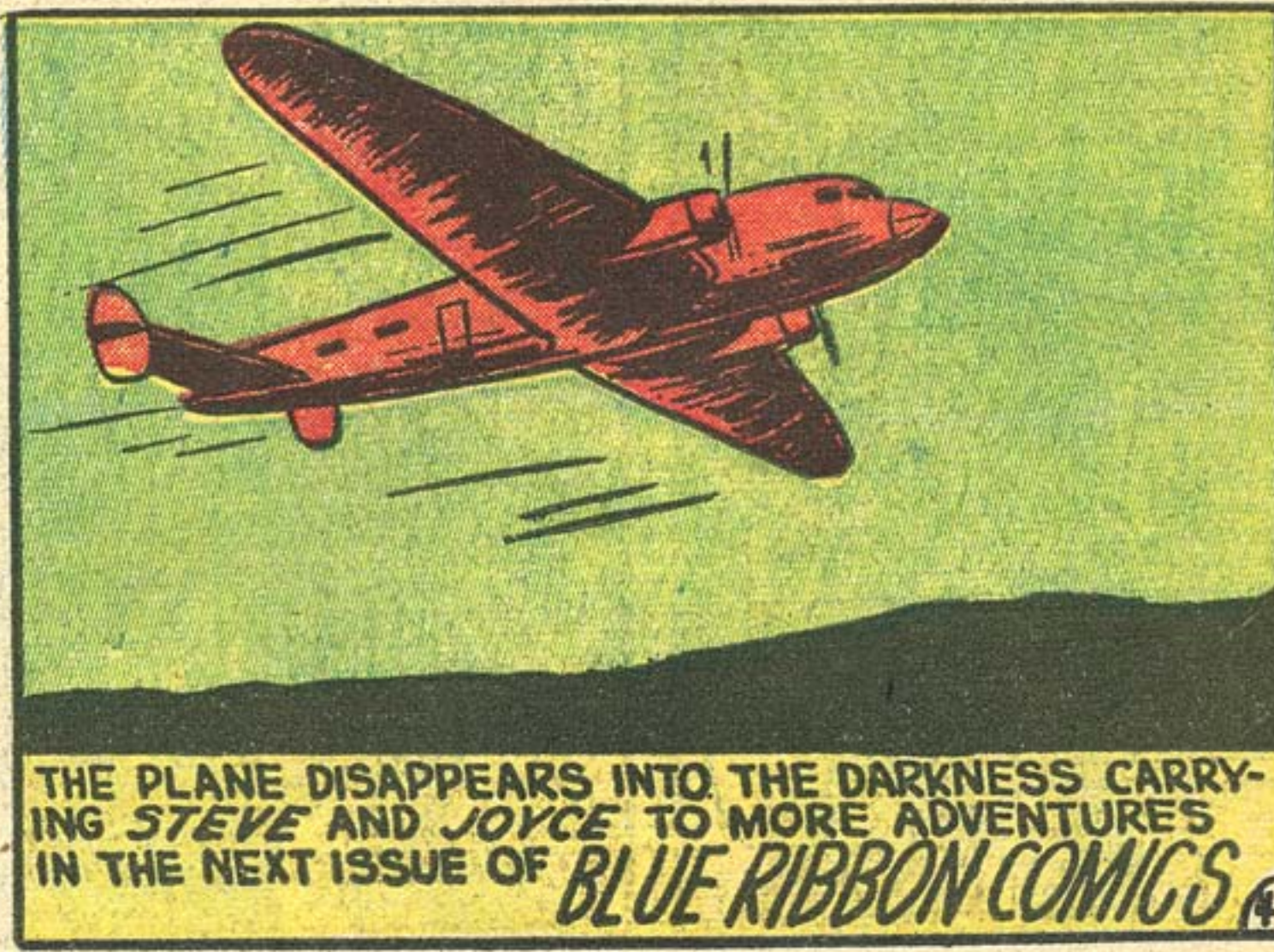
OW!



HIT ME, WILL YOU! TAKE THAT... OH-H-H!

NOW, TO GET OUT OF HERE AND GET HELP... GOSH, JOYCE! I FORGOT HER!







# Corporal COLLINS INFANTRYMAN

AS SLAPSIE PREPARES FOR BED THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND A FRANTIC GIRL BURSTS INTO THE ROOM!

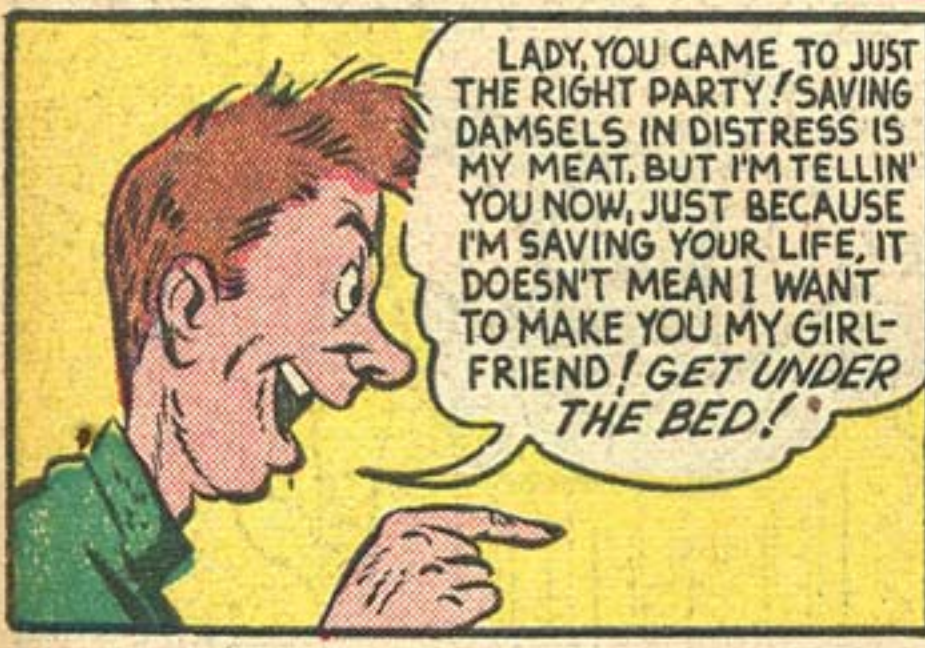


BY BIRO



YOU LOOK SO KIND.. I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU. THEY'RE AFTER ME-I CANT TELL YOU WHO - THEY'LL KILL ME ... AND YOU TOO, IF THEY FIND ME WITH YOU!

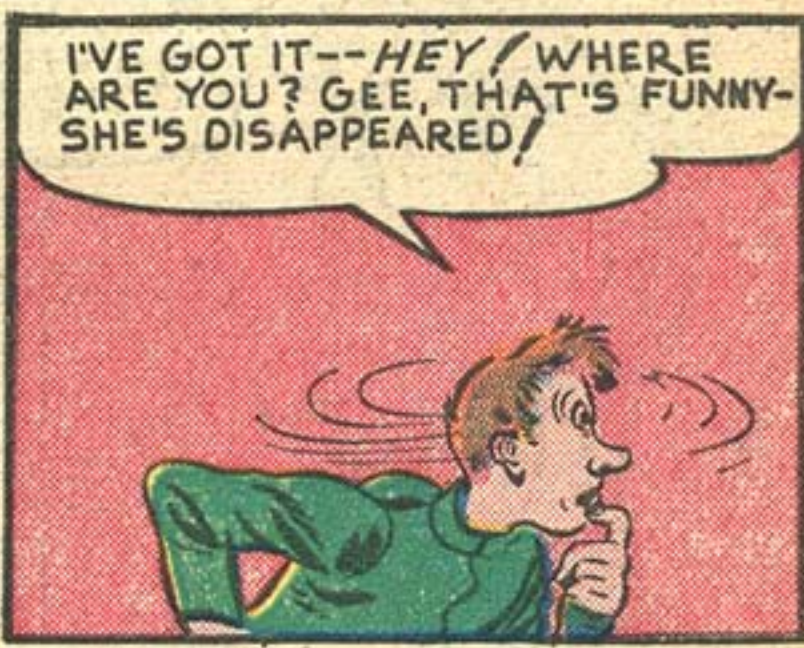
HIDE ME, HIDE ME, QUICKLY! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY SECOND--WHEN THEY COME, TELL THEM YOU HAVE NOT SEEN ME. WHERE CAN I HIDE?



LADY, YOU CAME TO JUST THE RIGHT PARTY! SAVING DAMSELS IN DISTRESS IS MY MEAT, BUT I'M TELLIN' YOU NOW, JUST BECAUSE I'M SAVING YOUR LIFE, IT DOESN'T MEAN I WANT TO MAKE YOU MY GIRL-FRIEND! GET UNDER THE BED!



NO, WAIT! THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE THEY'LL LOOK-- IN THE CLOSET, QUICK! NO! THEY'LL LOOK IN THERE, TOO.



I'VE GOT IT--HEY! WHERE ARE YOU? GEE, THAT'S FUNNY--SHE'S DISAPPEARED!



ALL RIGHT: WHERE ISS SHE? IF YOU ARE HIDING HER FROM US VE VILL FIND HER, SO SPEAK, IF YOU WANT TO LIFF LONGER!

SHE? (GULP) YOU MEAN A WOMAN? IN HERE? YA MEAN IT?



VE VILL VASTE NO TIME MIT YOU! SEARCH THE PLACE, IN THE F-FIRST PLACE YOU FELLAS DIDN'T KNOCK--

FRITZ--



WISH COLLINS WOULD GET BACK AND IN THE S-SECOND PLACE YOU WEREN'T INVITED, SO G-GET OUT BEFORE I G-GET M-MAD!





COME, HANS, I SEARCHED DE WHOLE PLACES! SHE ISS NOT HERE!

YAH! BUT I STILL TINK DEES PEEG ISS LYING!

(GULP) N'WO I'M NOT!



GONE! MY ONE BIG CHANCE! IT WAS ALL RIPE FOR A SPECTACULAR RESCUE! HOW DID SHE DISAPPEAR SO FAST?



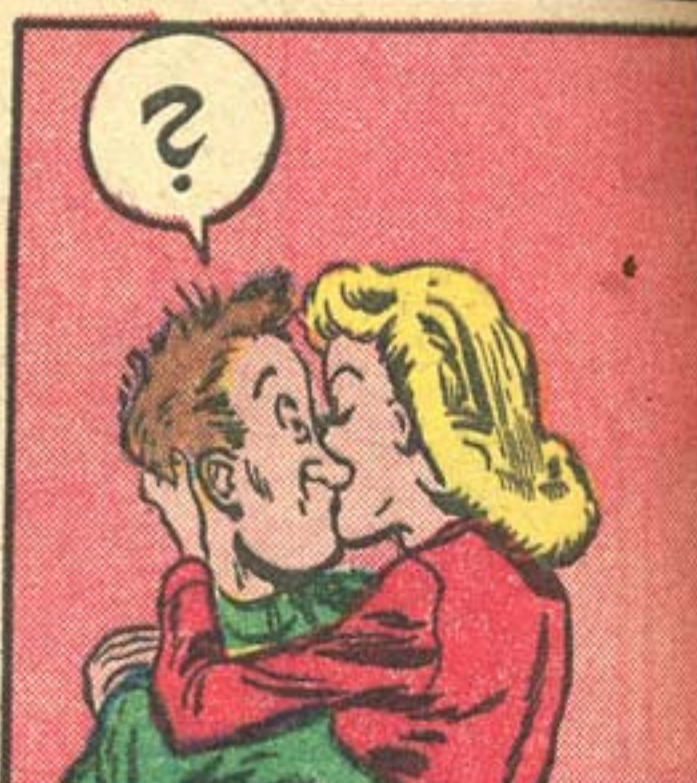
YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT!! A BORN ACTOR!



SO THERE YOU ARE! GOSH AND GEE! I'D GIVEN YOU UP FOR LOST, NOW TELL ME—WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



YOU'RE SO BRAVE! I JUST CAN'T REFUSE YOUR OFFER TO HELP ME... HERE IS THE KEY TO MY ROOM--NO. 13--AT THE 'BEVERLOS'. BE THERE AT NINE! AND BE CAREFUL YOU ARE NOT FOLLOWED!!



GOOD BYE FOR NOW, MY BRAVE PROTECTOR, UNTIL NINE, THEN, AT THE BEVERLOS



HOT DIGGETY DOG! SHE KISSED ME!! SHE KISSED ME!



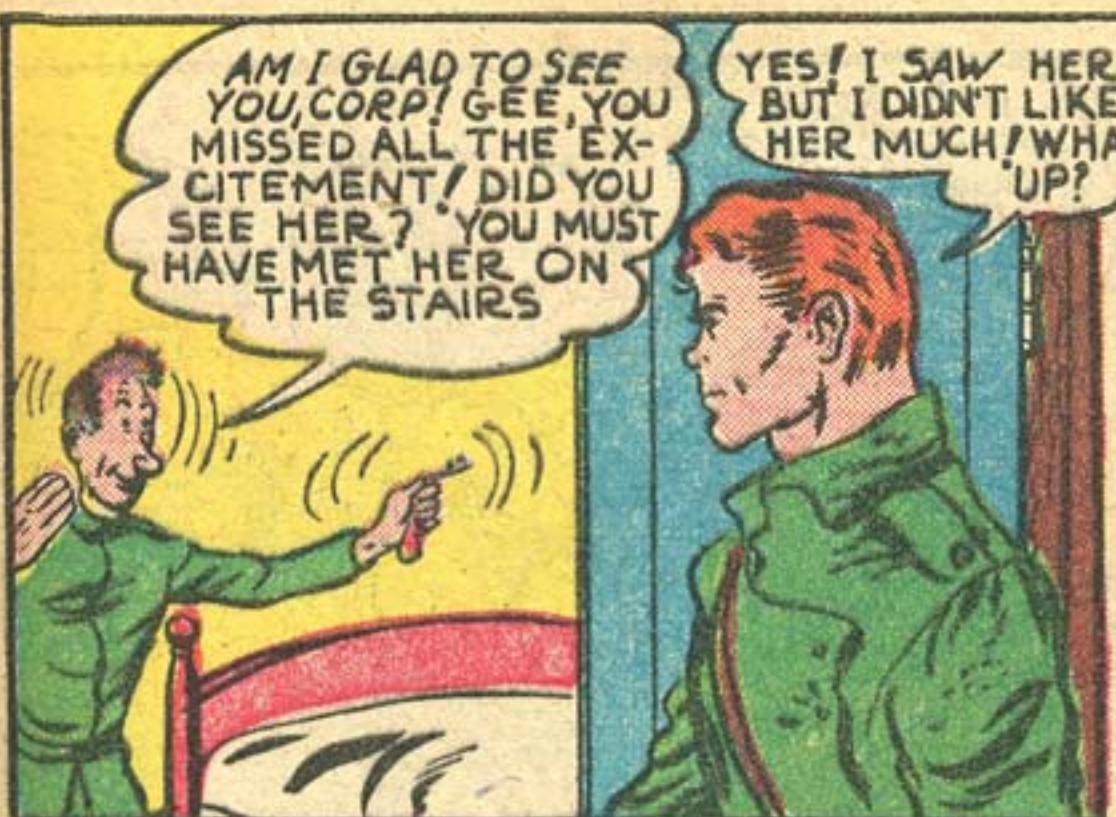
WHENEVER I LEAVE SLAPSIE ALONE HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO GET HIMSELF INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE!



PARDON, MISS BUT I BELIEVE YOUR LIP-ROUGE APPEARS TO BE SMEARED!!

SOME ONE OUGHT TO SMEAR YOU, FRESH GUY!





AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, CORP! GEE, YOU MISSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT! DID YOU SEE HER? YOU MUST HAVE MET HER ON THE STAIRS

YES! I SAW HER! BUT I DIDN'T LIKE HER MUCH! WHAT'S UP?



YOU DIDN'T LIKE HER? WHY, SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! SHE-SHE'S IN DANGER- REAL SPY KILLERS ARE AFTER HER... SHE GAVE ME HER KEY, SO I'M GOIN' TO MEET HER AT NINE!

NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GET ALL MIXED UP WITH A SKIRT FOR? I'M GOING WITH YOU!



AW GEE, CORP! WHAT CHANCE DO I STAND WITH THAT HANDSOME PUSS OF YOURS AROUND! I WON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE, HONEST!

OK- O.K.- I WON'T GO, BUT DID IT OCCUR TO YOU SHE MIGHT BE LEADING YOU INTO SOME TRAP?



NICE OF YOU, CORP, TO LEND ME YOUR SAM BROWNE BELT! OH, BABY!



HOPE YOU CATCH THOSE SPIES AND WIN THE FAIR LADY! WHAT SAY I MEET YOU THERE LATER?

NO THANKS! SO LONG, CORP.



ROOM THIRTEEN at the BEVERLOS

WELL, HERE GOES NOTHIN! WHEN SHE GAVE ME HER KEY SHE MEANT FOR ME TO COME RIGHT IN!



YOO HOO! MISS WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS! YOUR BIG BRAVE KNIGHT IS HERE!

SO!

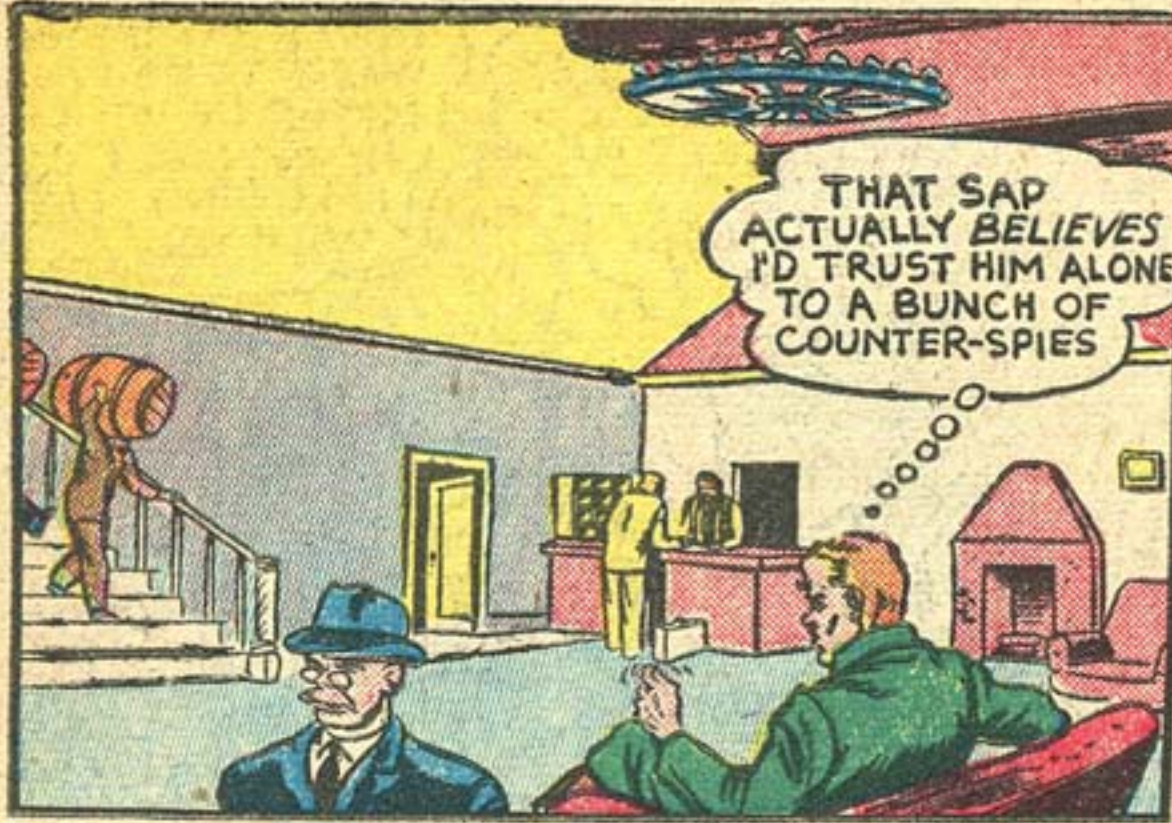


YOU NEFER SAW HER, EH? UND YOU DID NOT KNOCK

H-HELLO- HE-HE- Y-Y-YES

UND VE DIDNT INVITE YOU! TSK, TSK.





THAT SAP ACTUALLY BELIEVES I'D TRUST HIM ALONE TO A BUNCH OF COUNTER-SPIES



HE'S BEEN UP THERE LONG ENOUGH! HE MAY NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR BUSTING UP HIS BEAUTIFUL ILLUSION



BUT IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO LEARN TO LIKE SLAPSIE, AND I'M NOT READY TO LOSE HIM YET!



HELLO! ANYONE HERE? HELLO! SLAPSIE! SLAPSIE!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER! WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO LET HIM COME UP ALONE!



VAT DO YOU VANT HERE?

YOU MAY SUSPECT THROUGH THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS THAT I'M LOOKING FOR SLAPSIE!



COME ON! WHERE IS HE?

SLAPSIE? SLAPSIE? VAT MEANS DIS SLAPSIE? WHO CARES?

GET OUDT FROM HERE!



WELL, MAYBE I'M MISTAKEN! SORRY TO HAVE BEEN SO RUDE

OH! OH! WHAT'S THAT?



SLAPSIE'S HARMONICA! IF THESE APES DID ANYTHING TO HIM, I'LL---



I KNOW! MY WATCH STOPPED AT EIGHT! I WAS TO MEET HIM AT TEN! NO WONDER!

SURE! SURE! IT'S ONLY NINE AND----





...AND TEN! AND YOU'RE OUT!



THIS BIRD IS SURE A HARD NUT TO CRACK! THIS IS THE SEVENTH TIME I'VE KNOCKED HIM COLD.



STILL WONT OPEN UP, EH? WELL-HERE WE GO AGAIN!

UGH!



IF YOU DONT TELL ME WHERE THEY TOOK HIM THIS TIME, START PRAYING!

UGH! DONT! DONT HIT ME ANY MORE! UGH! YES, IN BARRELS TO SPUMONA!

IN THE MEANTIME AT THE SPUMONA CONCENTRATION CAMP

SLAPSIE ALSO GETS THE BUSINESS, BUT SINCE HE REALLY KNOWS NOTHING, THEY BELIEVE HE'S A TRUE MARTYR, WHO JUST WONT TURN TRAITOR.



NOW, WILL YOU TELL US YOUR GENERAL STAFF'S PLANS?

STOP! STOP IT! I CAN'T BEAR IT NO MORE!!



A BRAVE MAN LIKE HIM SHOULD NOT SUFFER SO. INSTEAD, VE VILL SHOOT HIM IN GLORY! MAKE HIM READY!!



I HEARD YOU SCREAM! SUCH COURAGE! I COULD LOVE A MAN LIKE YOU!

CORP WARNED ME ABOUT GETTIN' MIXED UP WITH A SKIRT-NUTS!

Next Morning:



PERMISSION TO PASS, SIR-- COFFINS.



WAITA UPA! DEESA BOXA HESA VERY HEAVY.

VE TRY D'ODDER WAN



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

DEESA ONE ISA NOTA SO HEAVY-- WATSA MATA?





DEESA WANA ISA NOT WEIGH SO MUCHA NO MORE, ATSA VERA FONNY

ATSA VERY FONNY!

I'VE GOT TO LOCATE SLAPSIE.



WHOSA GOES DERE? FRIEND OR FOE?



FOE! WHAT ABOUT IT?



I WANT TO SEE THE BIG BOSS... AND HERE HE IS!



ORDERLY! COME, GIVE A HAND!

YES, MAJOR



COMING, MAJOR



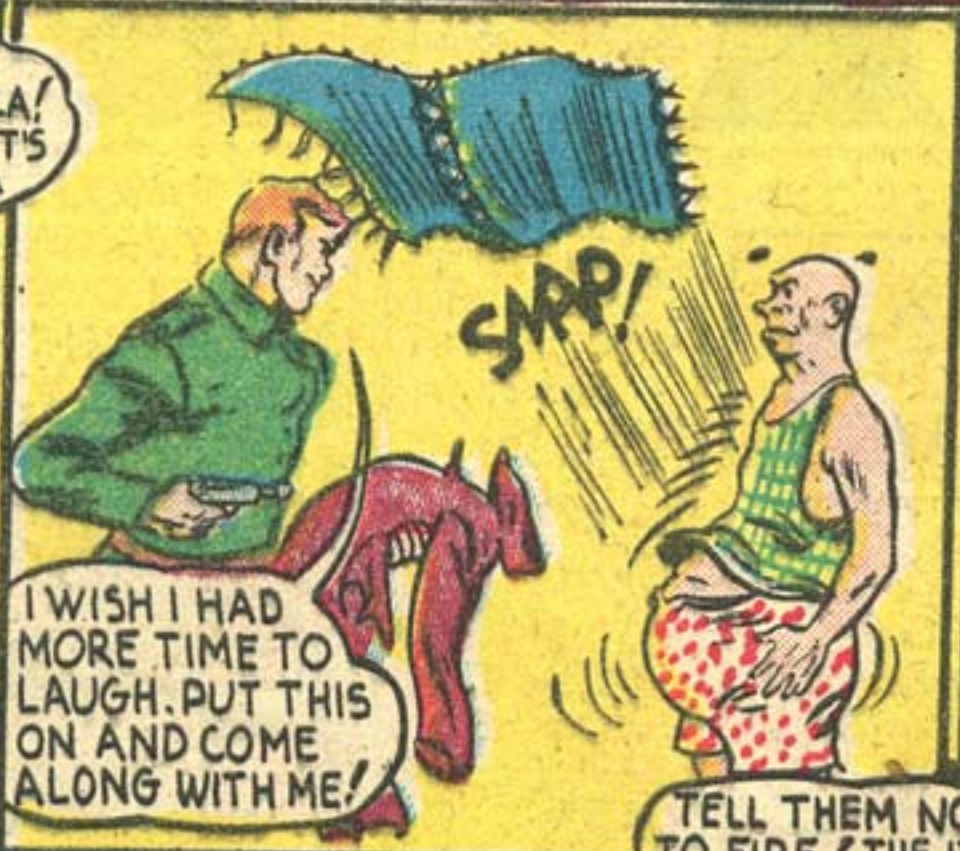
NOT SO TIGHT, ORDERLY! HEY-WAIT! NO-OH! OH, UH-HUH--

SO THE GREAT MAJOR BOBONI WEARS A CORSET!



GOLLY, THEY'RE MARCHING SLAPSIE OUT TO BE SHOT

PASTA FOOSOLA! HALPA, IT'S A HOT-A



SNAP!

I WISH I HAD MORE TIME TO LAUGH. PUT THIS ON AND COME ALONG WITH ME!



COMPANY, HALT! DO YOU HAVA ANY LAST REQUESTA BEFORE WE-ER-AHEM--

YES! WE'D LIKE TO TAKE A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE!



SHOULDER ARMS! READY!

AND I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE CORP.. SNIFF--O, WELL, WE ALL HAVE TO GO SOMETIME - MIGHT AS WELL BE NOW!

TELL THEM NOT TO FIRE / THE ITALIAN ASSOCIATED PRESS REPRESENTATIVE IS A FRIEND OF MINE, I MIGHT TELL HIM ABOUT A CORSET ON A CERTAIN MAJOR



STOP! DON'T FIRE!

AND BESIDES, I'D SHOOT YOU DEAD IF YOU DON'T! NOW TELL THEM TO DROP THEIR GUNS

DROP YOUR GUNS!

YOU HEARD THE MAJOR, DROPA DEM!







DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF- I CAN SHOOT

DON'T LOOK NOW! BUT I THINK WE'VE MET BEFORE!

COLLINS! YEAAAH! WHOOPEE

NOT TOO HARD, SLAPSIE WE WANT THEM ALIVE!

HOW'S THIS, CORP? JUST A LOVE TAP!

WITH THE MAJOR AND THE FIRING SQUAD TIED UP COLLINS AND SLAPSIE GO TO WORK ON THE REST OF THE CAMP!



MAKE 'EM RUN FASTER, CORP! IT'S MORE SPORTING.

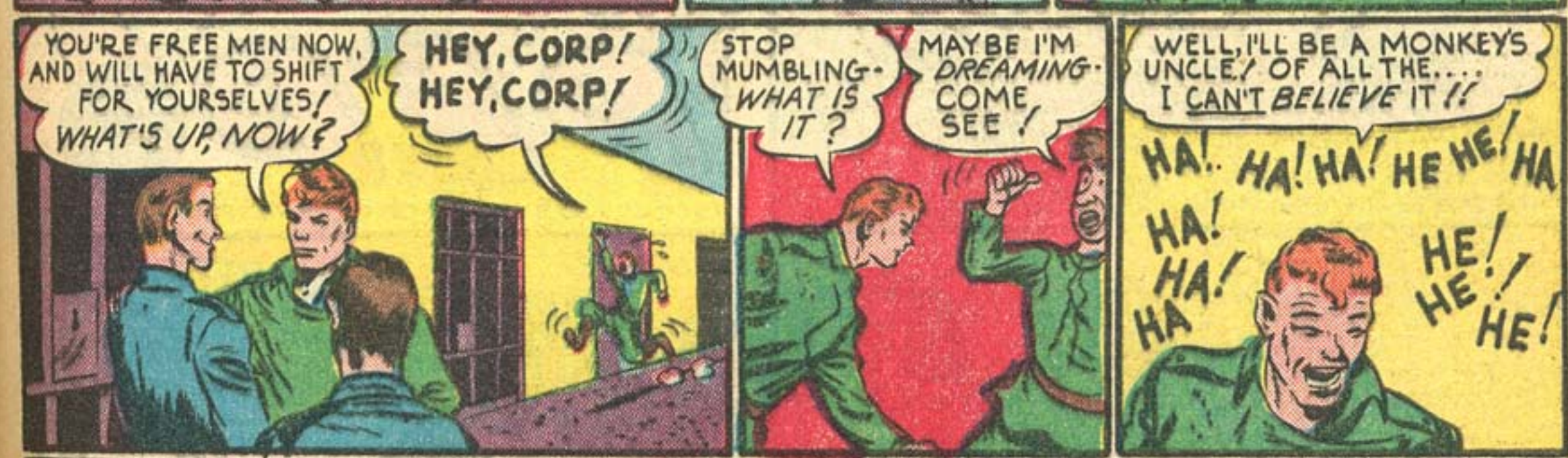
STOP! CEASE! HALT!

LOOK OUT BELOW! Tsk! Tsk! CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

WELL I GUESS THAT CLEANS UP THE LOT! THE GAL IS TYING 'EM UP!

C'MON! WE'LL FREE THE PRISONERS

CLANG



YOU'RE FREE MEN NOW, AND WILL HAVE TO SHIFT FOR YOURSELVES! WHAT'S UP, NOW?

HEY, CORP! HEY, CORP!

STOP MUMBLING- WHAT IS IT?

MAYBE I'M DREAMING- COME SEE!

WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE! OF ALL THE... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

HA! HA! HA! HE HE! HA HA! HA! HE! HE! HE!



IMAGINE, YOU COMING ALL THE WAY HERE TO SAVE US! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU? A REAL PAL! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! HURRY AND LET US OUT!

H'YA SLAPSIE, OL PAL! LONG-TIME NO SEE!

LISTEN, BOYLE! IF YOU WANT TO GET OUT, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AND GET THE KEYS! MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT ONE LITTLE RED CROSS TRAIN INCIDENT! SO LONG, YOU APE!

WHY- YOU- WHEN I BUST YOU OUT OF HERE, YOU RAT, I'LL SLAP YOU FROM HERE TO FRISCO!

AN' THAT GOES FOR ME!

GEE, CORP, DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT HAVE GONE A LITTLE TOO FAR? LEAVING THEM THERE TO BE SHOT!

THE SAP THINKS HE'S LOCKED IN- ACTUALLY HE'S NOT! I OPENED THE MAIN CELL BLOCK BEFORE I EVEN SAW HIM!

WITH THE PRISONERS SAFE IN THE VENTILATED COFFINS, ONCE AGAIN WE LEAVE CORPORAL COLLINS TILL NEXT MONTH!



# 2 leady STORIES in each MAGAZINE

**THE BLACK HOOD**




**THE Wizard**  
WITH ROY THE SUPER-BOY




**TOP-NOTCH**  
ON SALE ABOUT THE 10<sup>TH</sup> OF EVERY MONTH *comics*

**THE SHIELD DUSTY**  
THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE




**DANNY IN WONDERLAND**




**PEEP** ACTION DETECTIVE ADVENTURE

ON SALE ABOUT THE 15<sup>TH</sup> OF EVERY MONTH

**STEEL STERLING**  
MAN OF STEEL




**DICKY**  
IN THE MAGIC FOREST




**ZIP**  
COMICS

ON SALE ABOUT THE 25<sup>TH</sup> OF EVERY MONTH


**RANG-A-TANG**  
THE WONDER DOG



WITH *Richy* THE AMAZING BOY



**MR. JUSTICE**



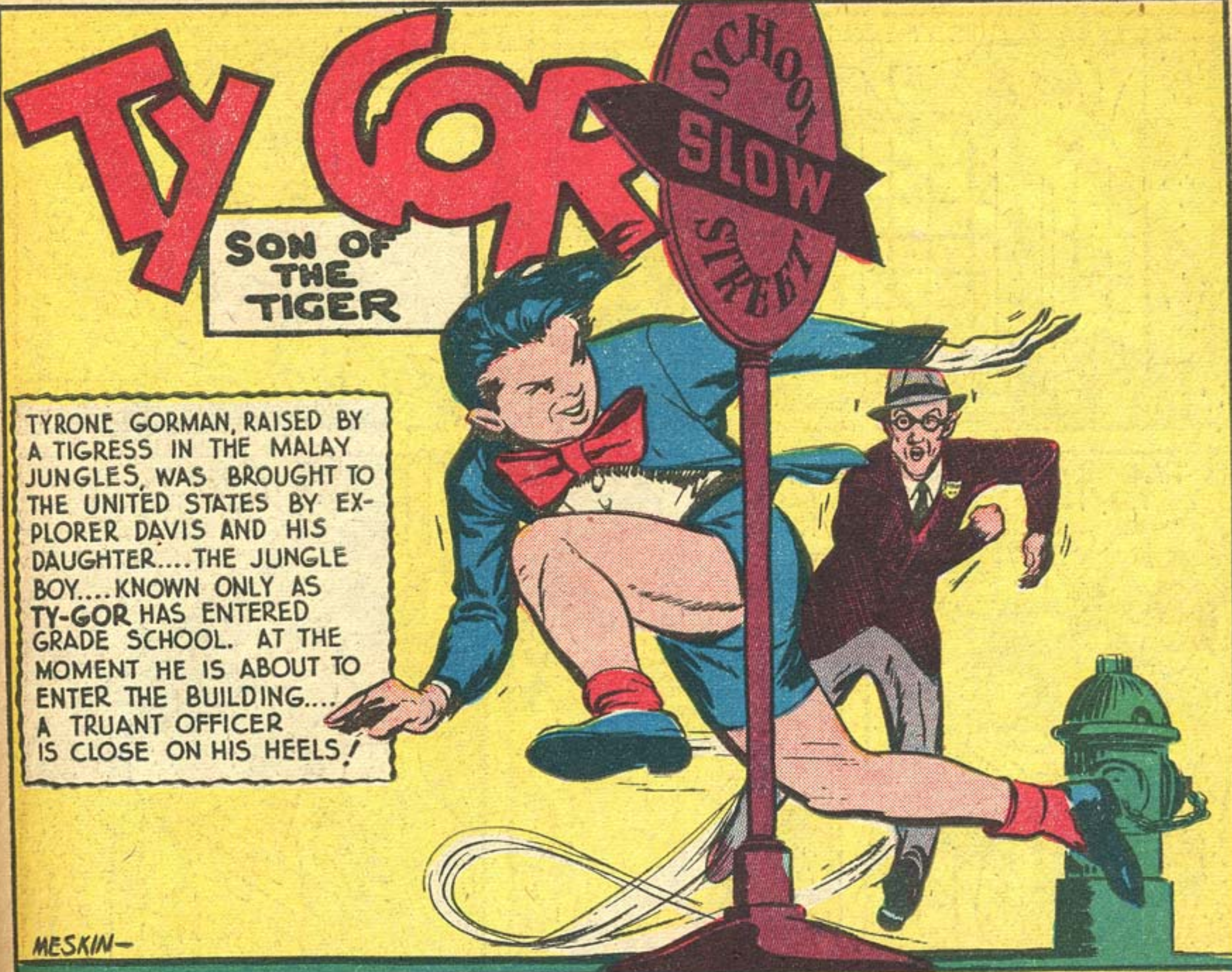
**BLUE RIBBON**

**COMICS**

ON SALE ABOUT THE 30<sup>TH</sup> OF EVERY MONTH

ALSO RINGING THE BELL ARE THESE FAVORITES..... SERGEANT BOYLE, BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD, THE COMET, KAYO WARD, THE FIREFLY, BOB PHANTOM, THE FOX, TY-GOR, THE GREEN FALCON, CAPTAIN VALOR, ZAMBINI, CORPORAL COLLINS, AND OTHERS.



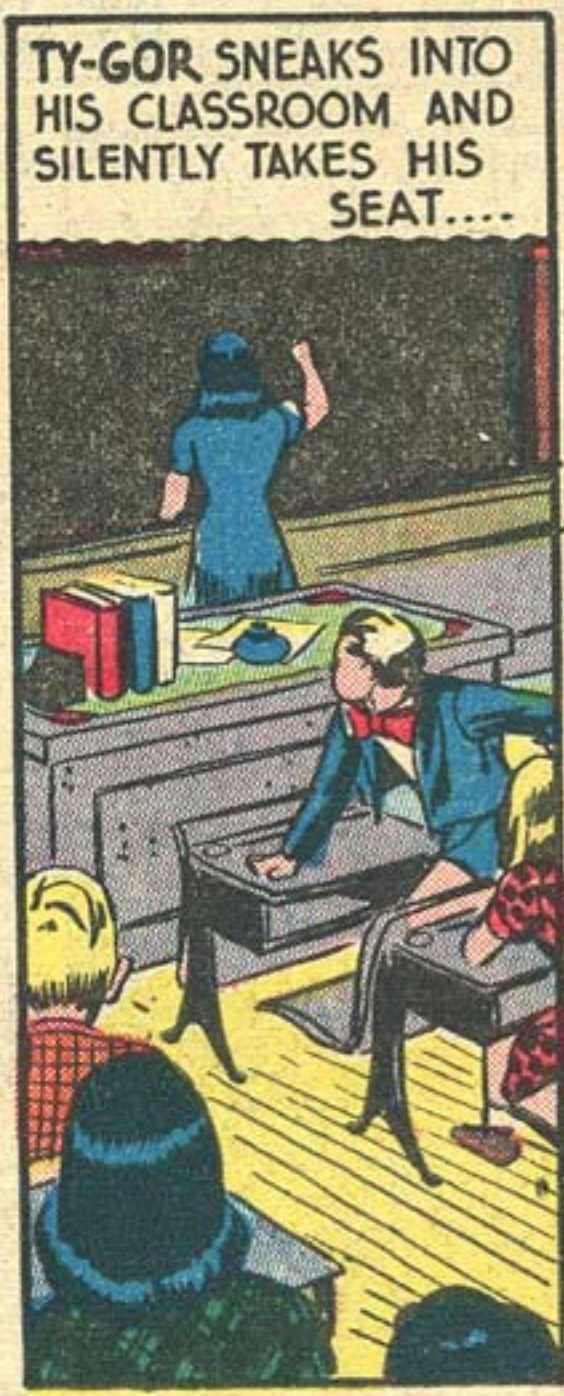


# TY-GOR

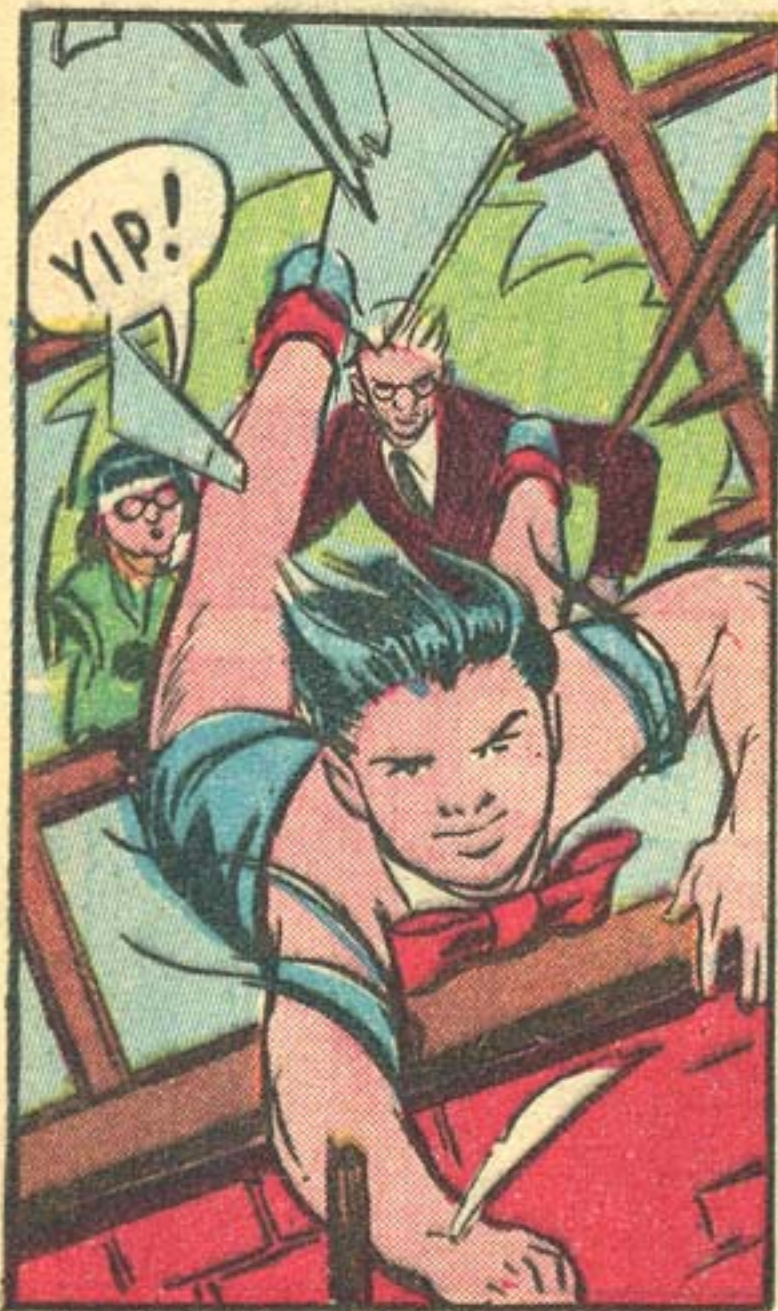
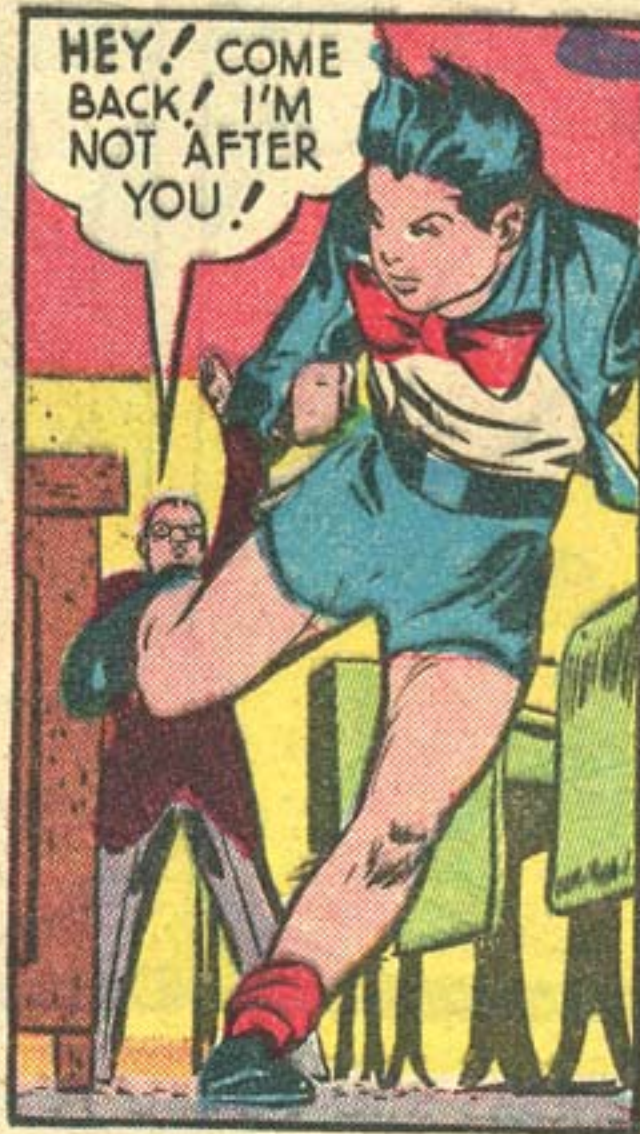
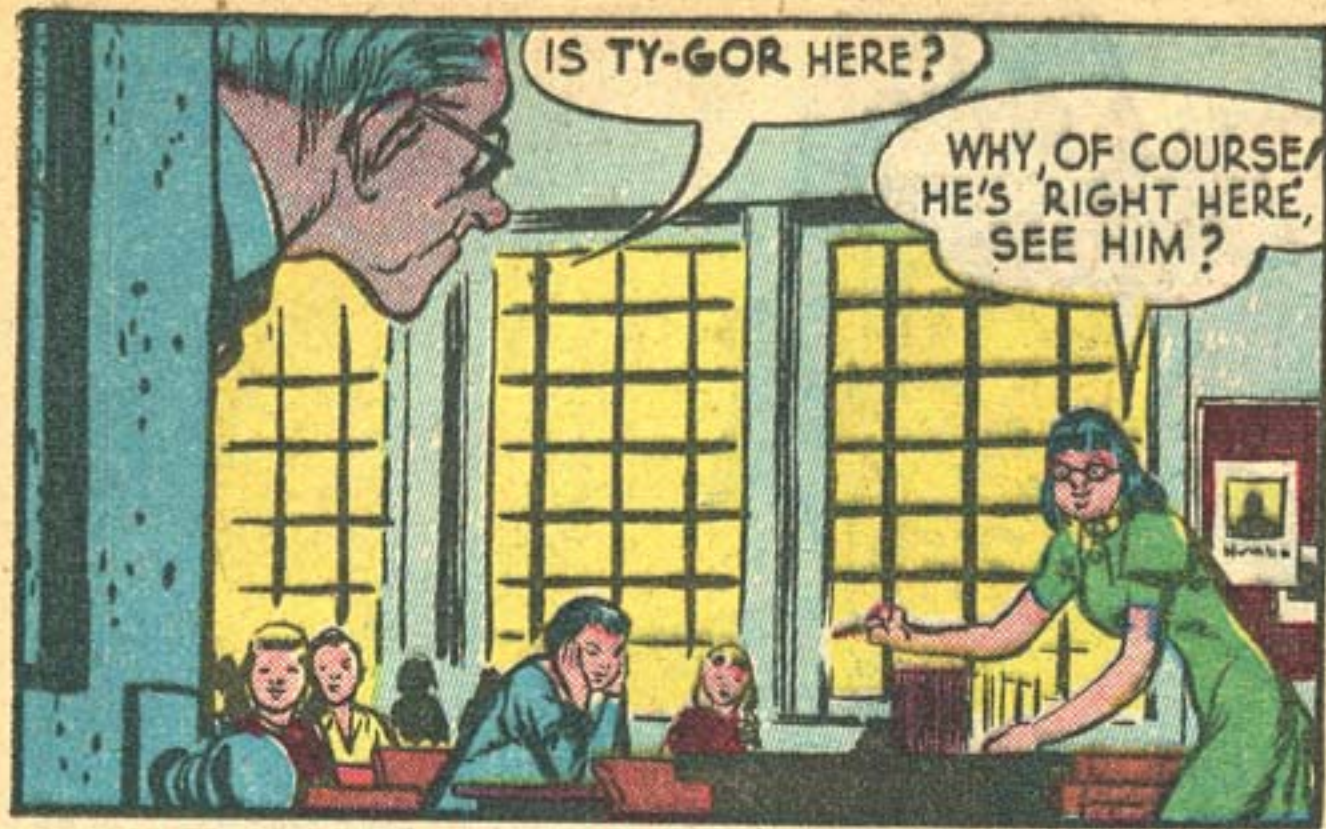
SON OF THE TIGER

TYRONE GORMAN, RAISED BY A TIGRESS IN THE MALAY JUNGLES, WAS BROUGHT TO THE UNITED STATES BY EXPLORER DAVIS AND HIS DAUGHTER....THE JUNGLE BOY....KNOWN ONLY AS TY-GOR HAS ENTERED GRADE SCHOOL. AT THE MOMENT HE IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE BUILDING.... A TRUANT OFFICER IS CLOSE ON HIS HEELS!

MESKIN-











ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?  
I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!  
COME BACK!

?



THE TRUANT OFFICER CHASES  
TY-GOR INTO A BLIND  
ALLEY....

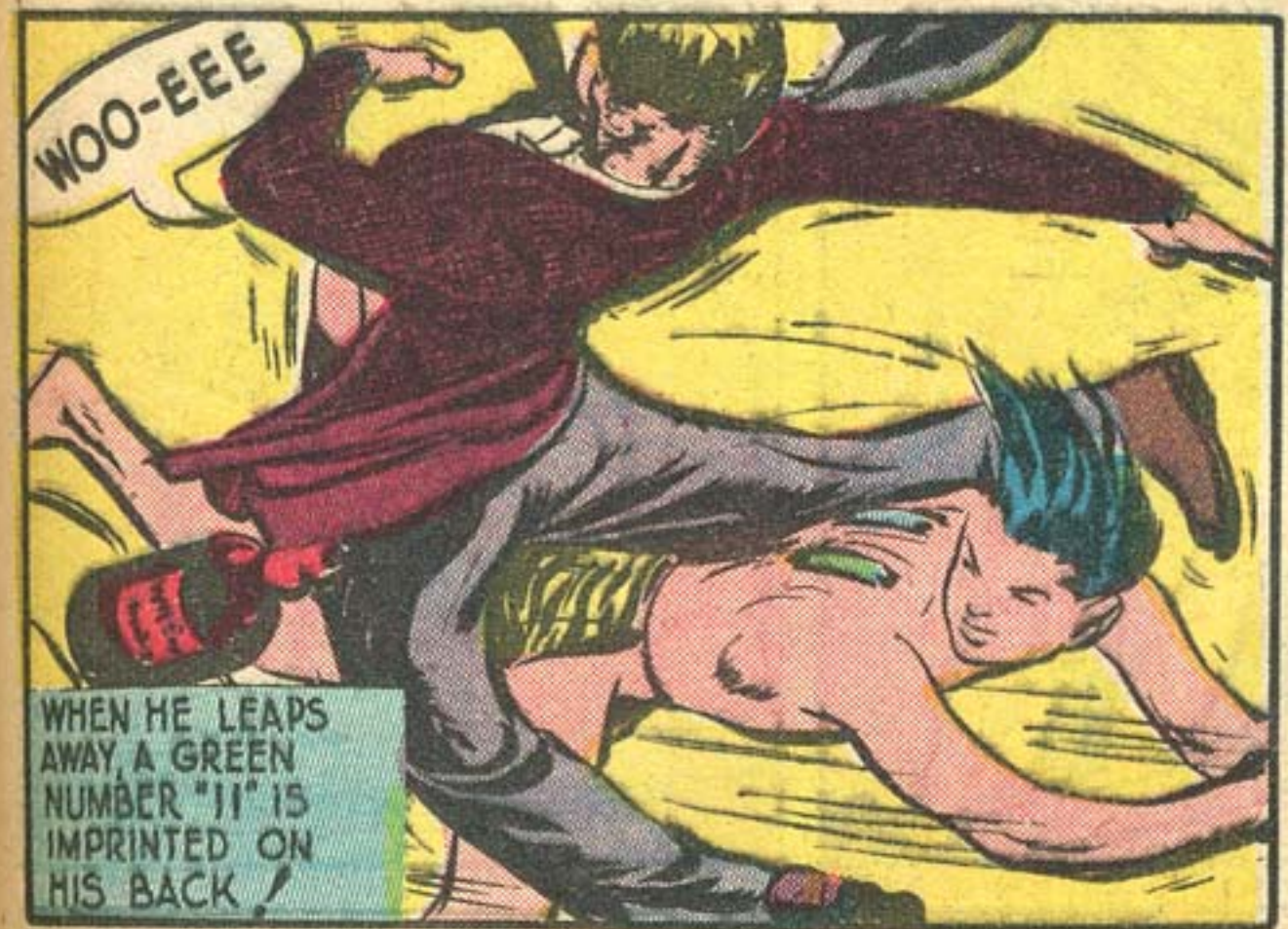
WET PAINT



HEY! THAT'S  
WET PAINT!

WET PAINT

TY-GOR  
PRESSES HIS  
BACK AGAINST  
NEWLY PAINTED  
PICKETS....



WOO-EEE

WHEN HE LEAPS  
AWAY, A GREEN  
NUMBER "11" IS  
IMPRINTED ON  
HIS BACK!



UNK!



THE JUNGLE YOUTH RACES  
TOWARDS THE ATHLETIC  
FIELD....



YOU \*!!@\*!!  
DARNED FOOL!  
YOU'LL RUIN THE  
WHOLE TRACK  
MEET!







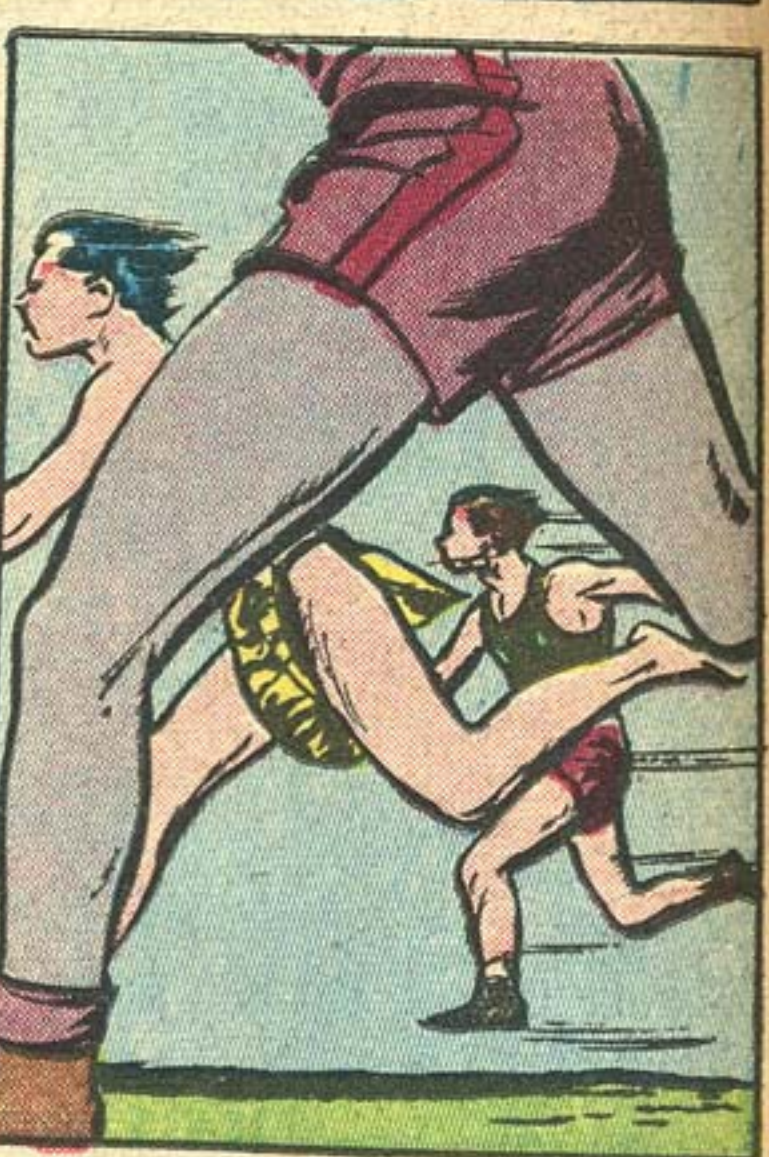
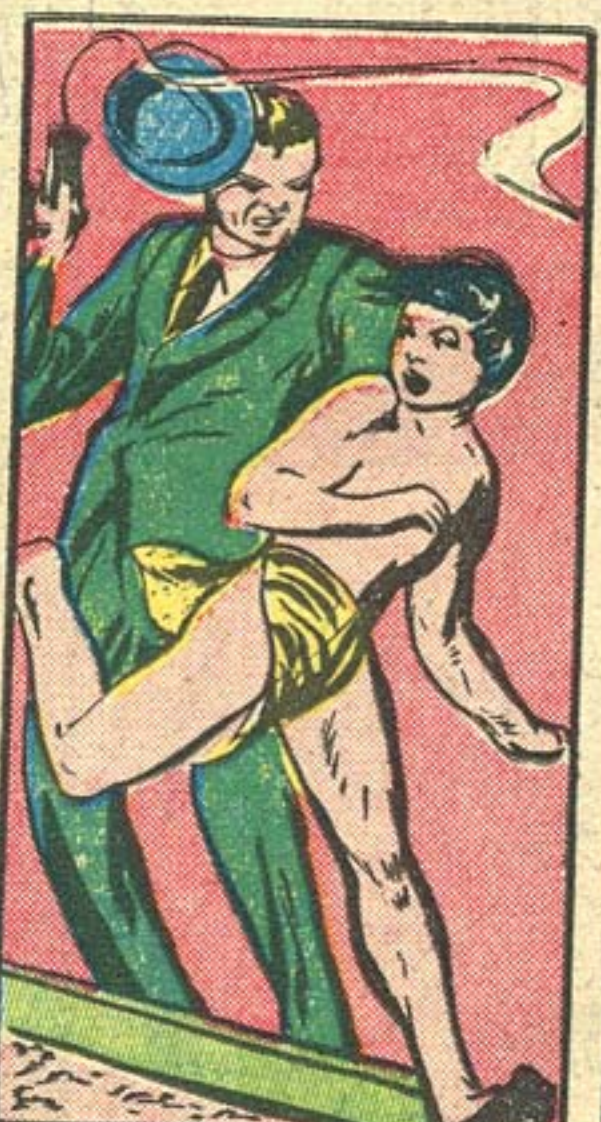
TOE YOUR MARKS!



GET SET!



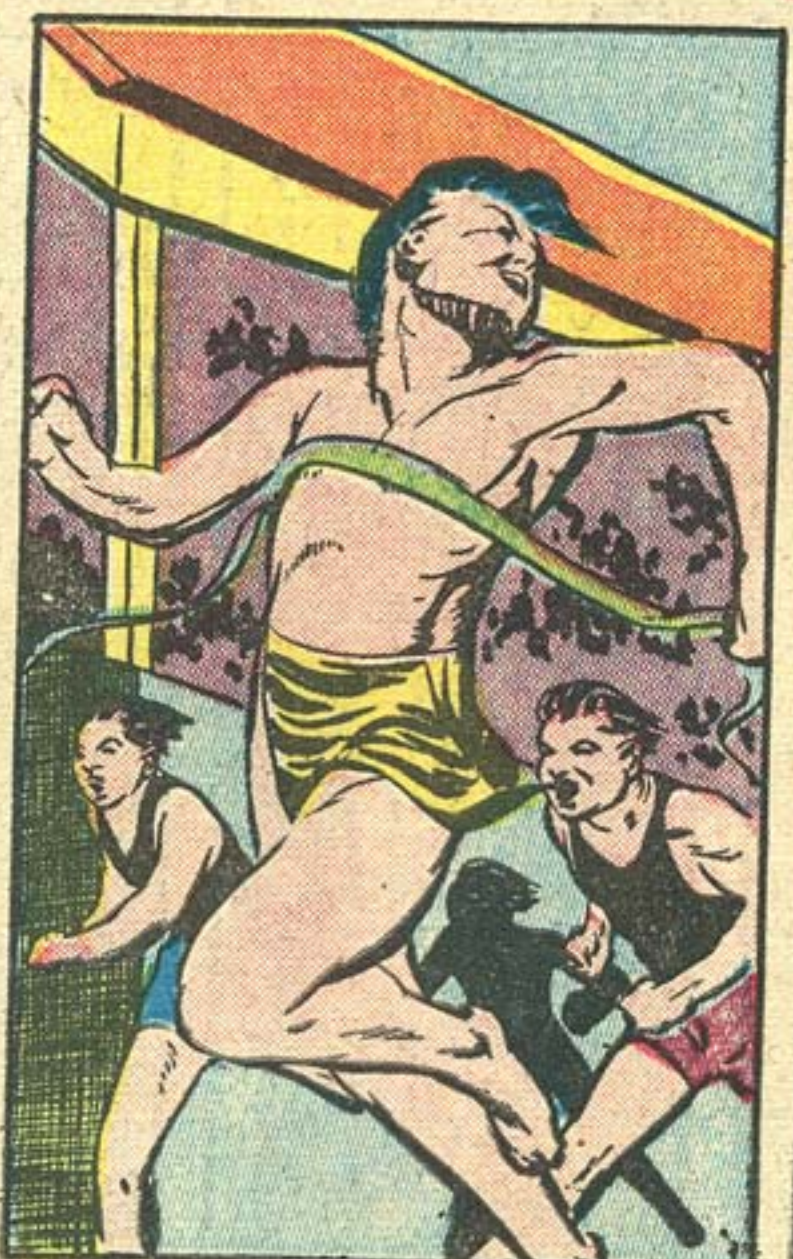
BANG!



YEAH NUMBER ELEVEN!

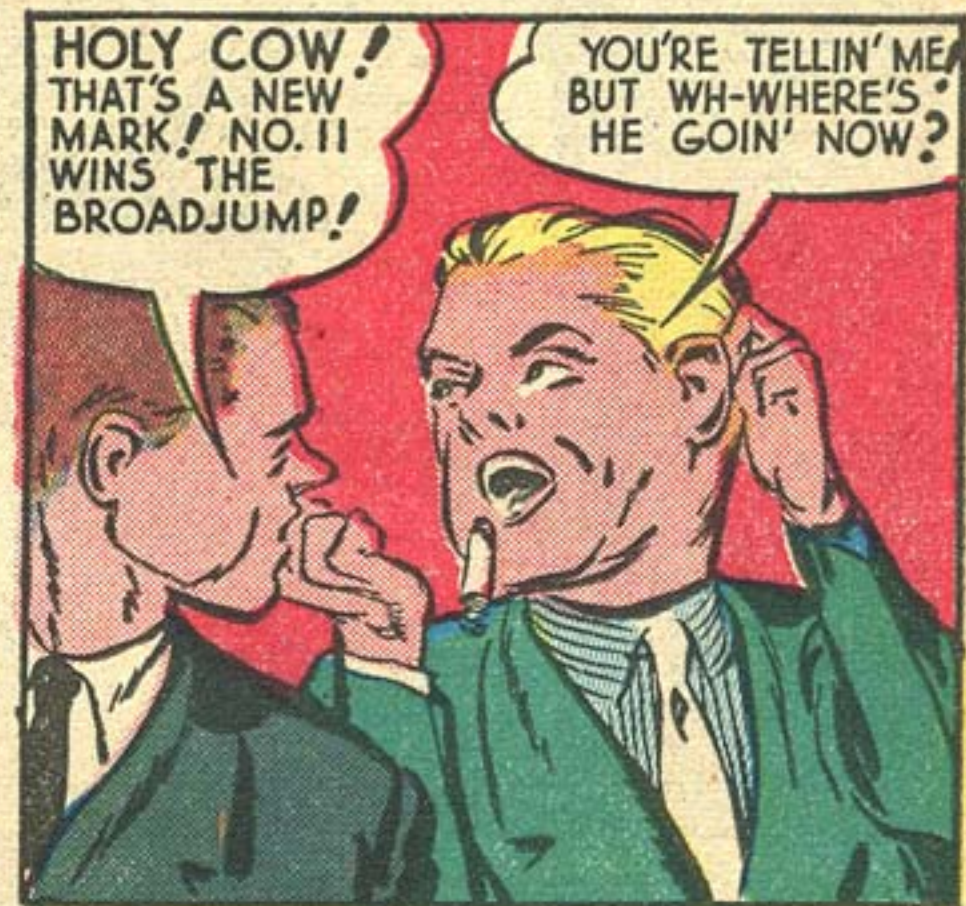
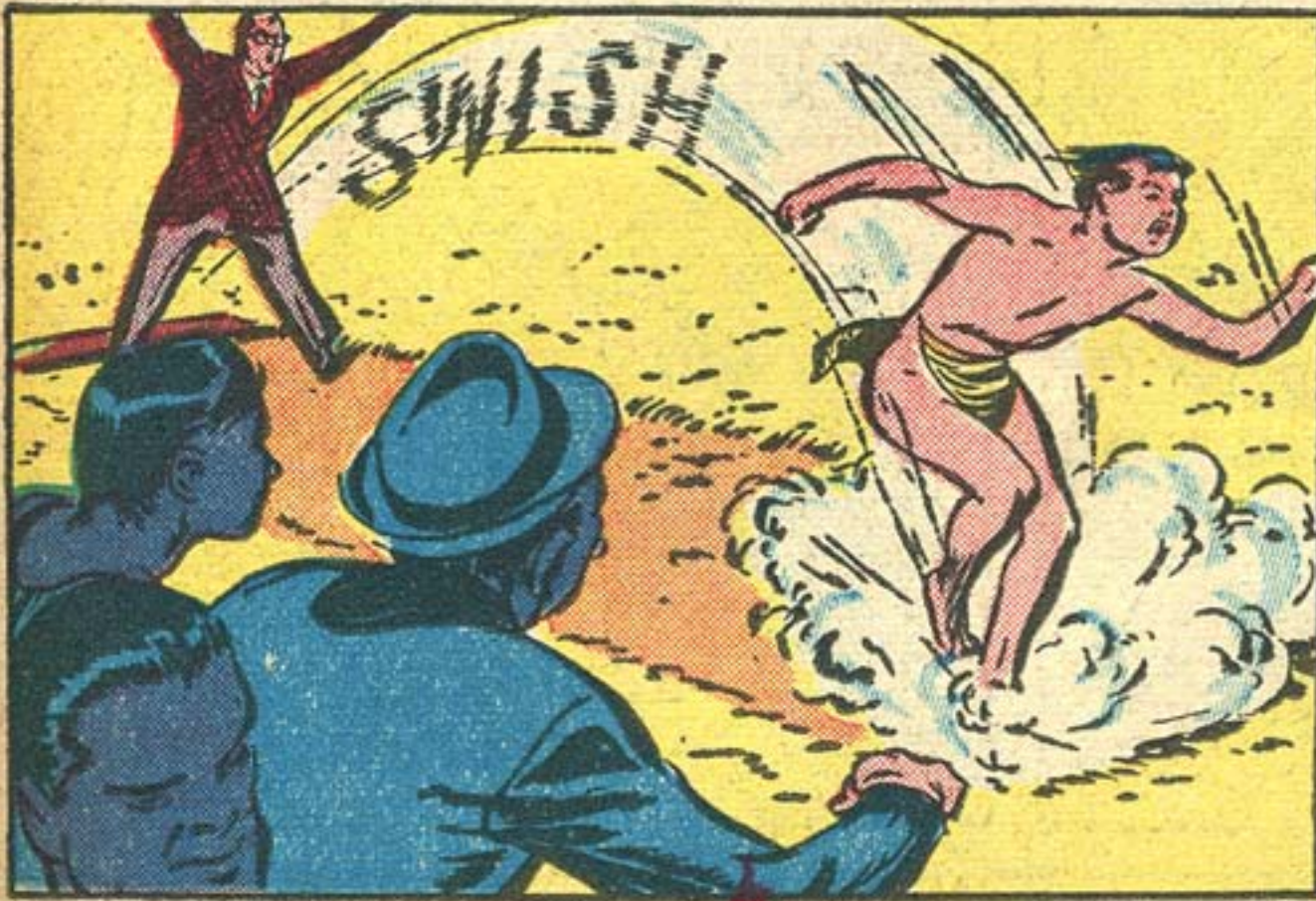
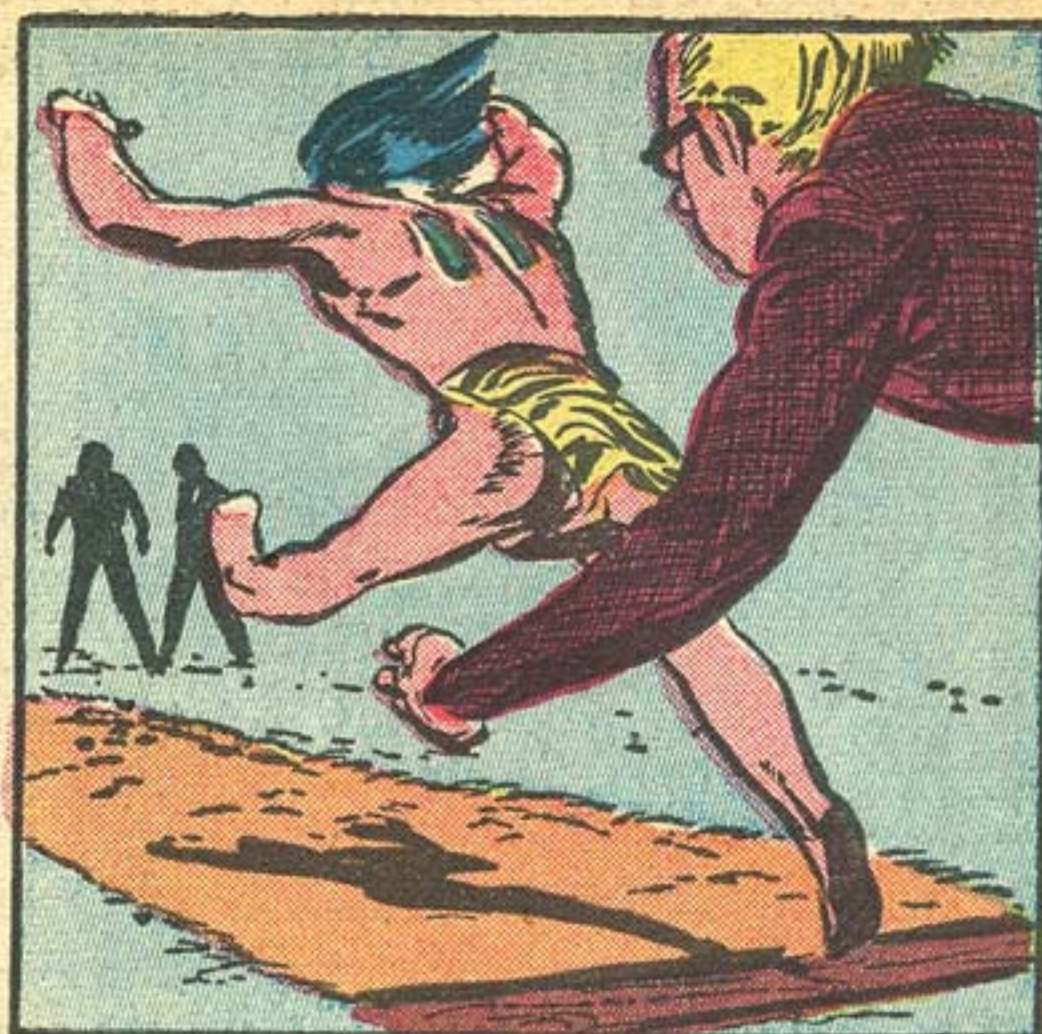
WHOOEE! TY-GOR!

'RAY!



WOW! THAT KID JUST BROKE THE P.S.A.L. DASH RECORD!

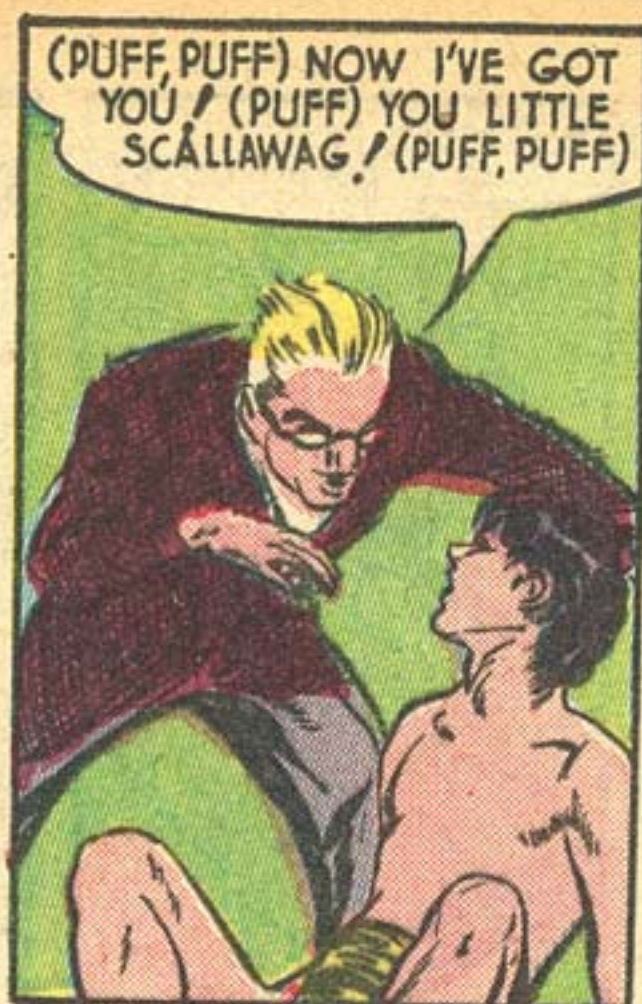








THE JUNGLE YOUTH TRIPS OVER THE SHOT PUT....

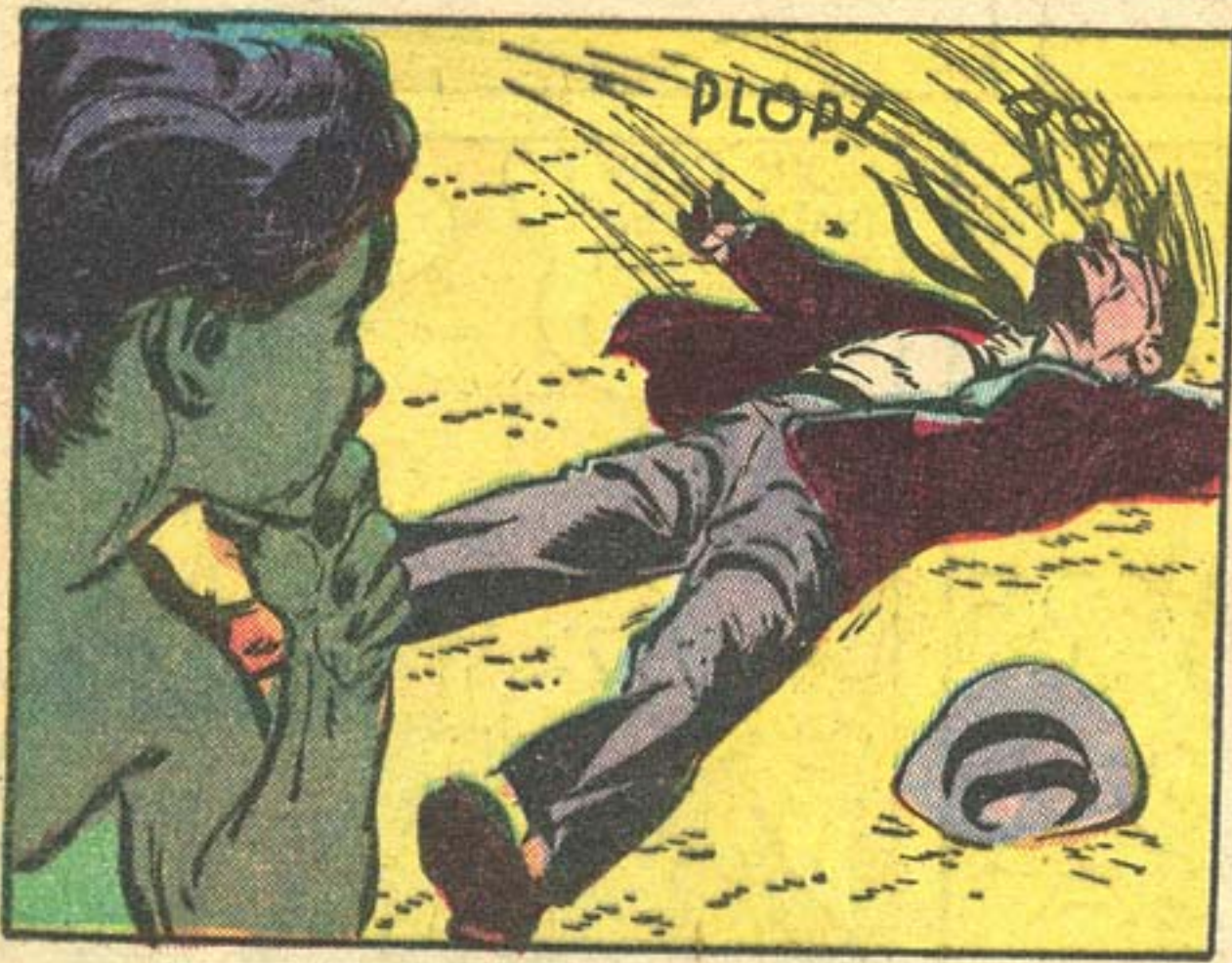


(PUFF, PUFF) NOW I'VE GOT YOU! (PUFF) YOU LITTLE SCALLAWAG! (PUFF, PUFF)



IF I HAD TO CHASE YOU ANOTHER STEP, (PUFF) I'D HAVE (PUFF) PASSED OUT! (PUFF)

OOOHHH!



PLOP!



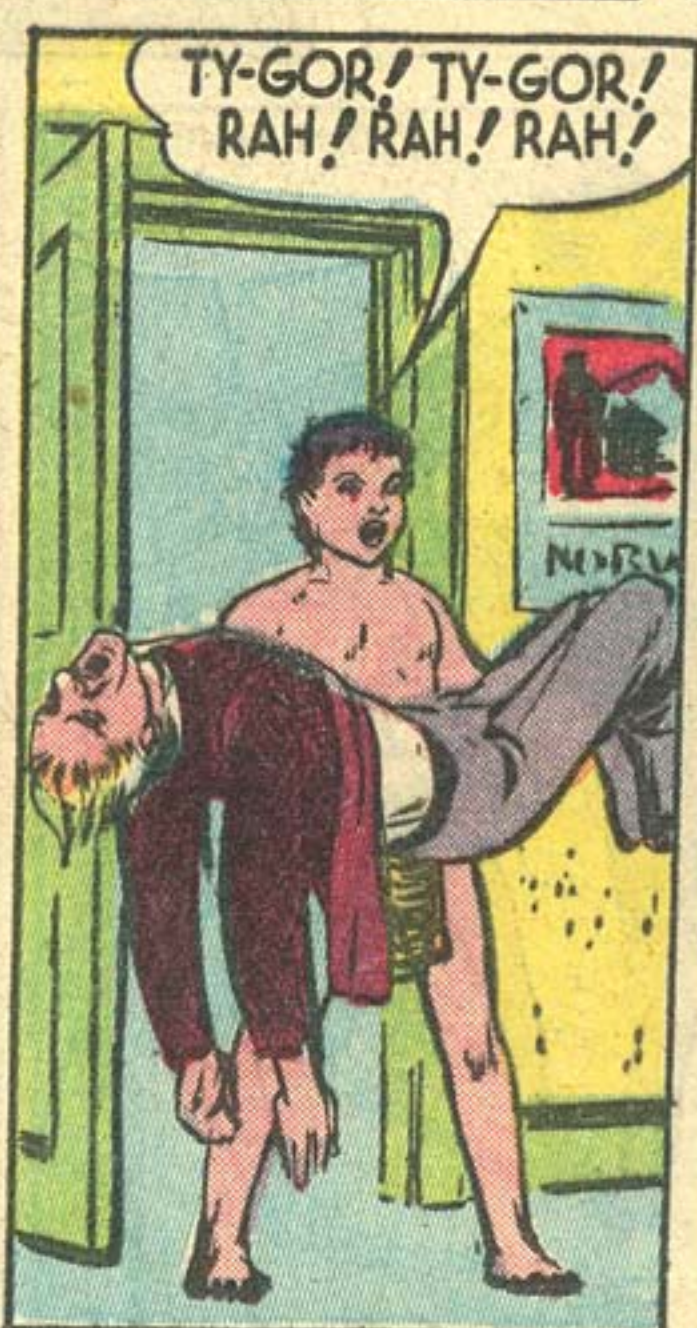
MEANWHILE, JOAN AND HER FATHER ARRIVE TO TAKE TY-GOR HOME FROM SCHOOL.....

....AND THE POOR BOY RAN AWAY! BUT DON'T WORRY, THE TRUANT OFFICER WILL BRING HIM BACK!



LOOK!

YIP!



TY-GOR! TY-GOR! RAH! RAH! RAH!



???

??

TY-GOR, SON OF THE TIGER, TAKES YOU ON ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!



# DOC STRONG

## AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT



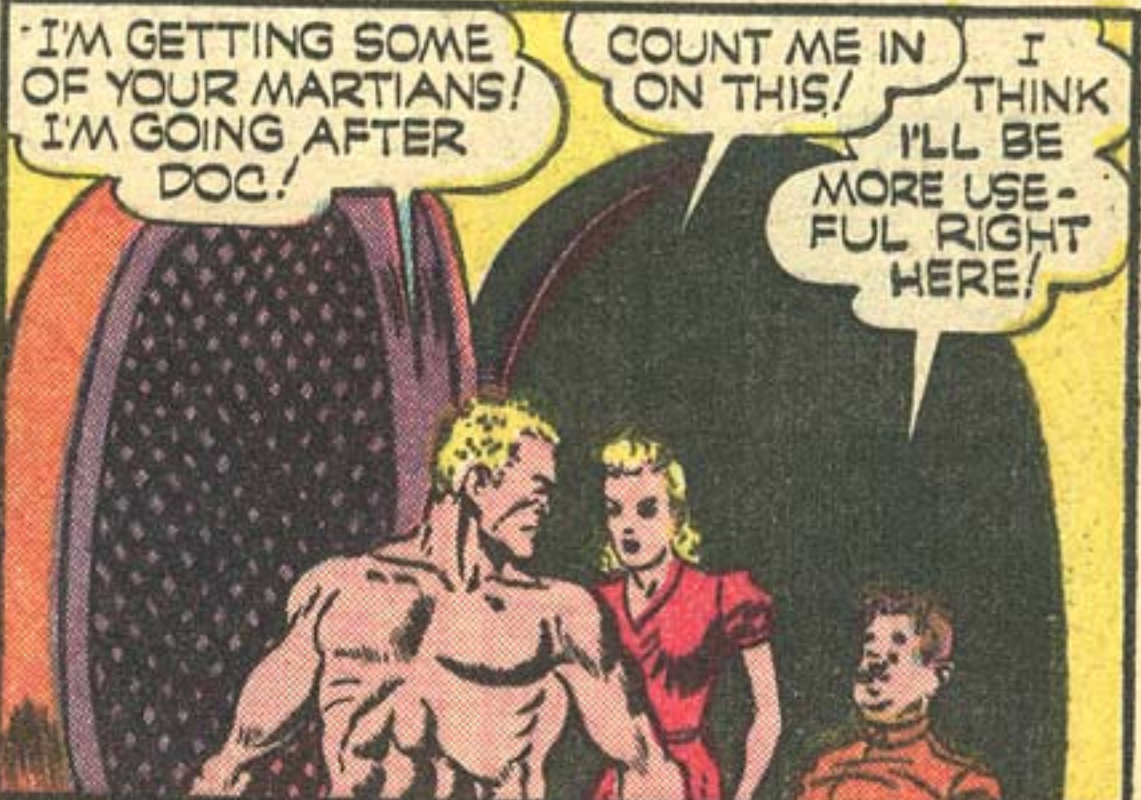
IT IS THE YEAR 2040... DOC STRONG HAS BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY THE BARBARIAN HORDES, LED BY TEENA, SECOND IN COMMAND TO RITTER, AND IS BEING BROUGHT TO THE LAIR OF THE SAVAGE LEADER OF THE BARBARIANS!

MEANWHILE, ON THE ISLE OF RIGHT.....



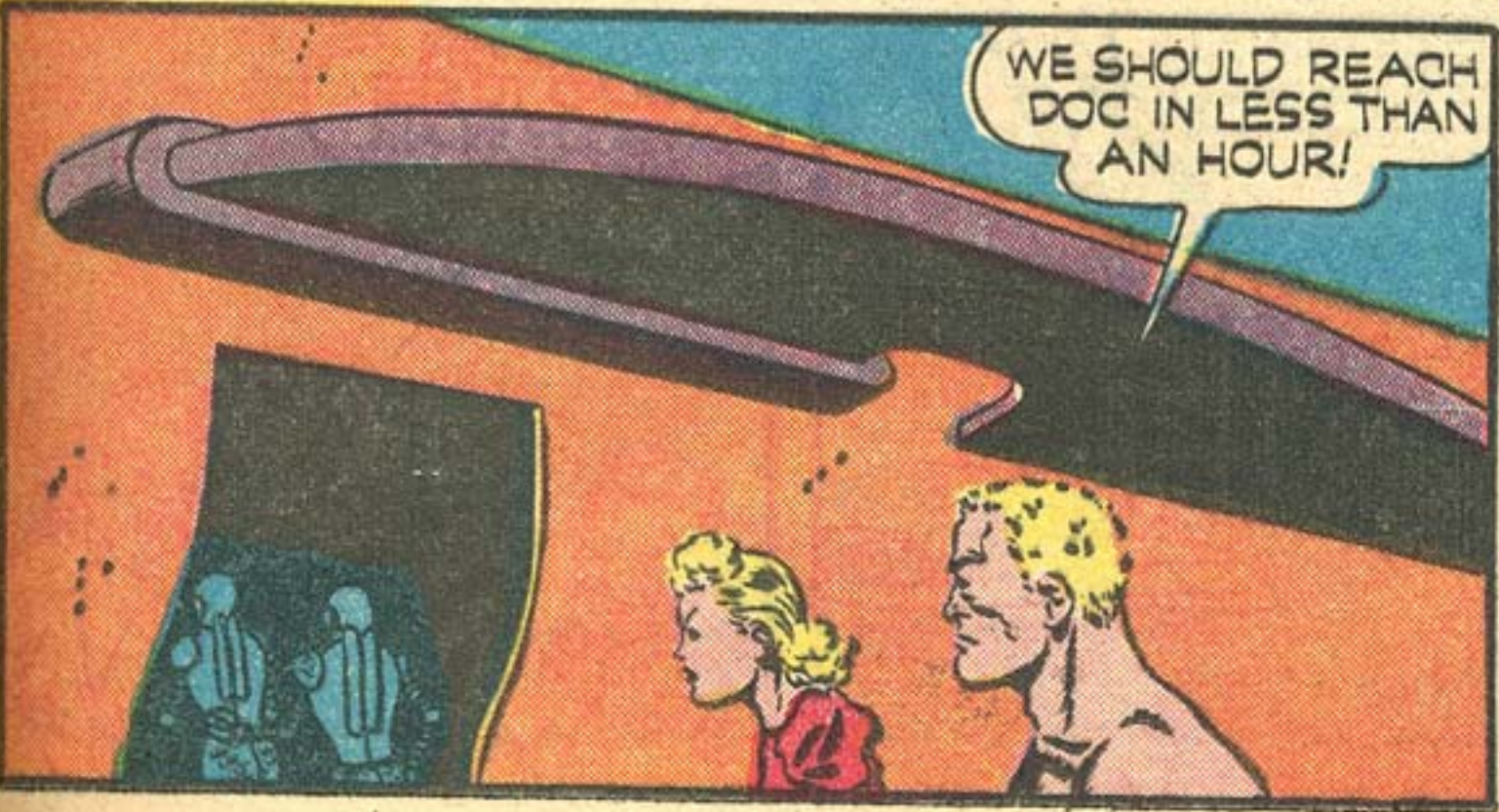
THERE! WE'VE LOCATED THEM ON THE TELE-VISER!

LOOK! IT'S DOC ALL RIGHT!



I'M GETTING SOME OF YOUR MARTIANS! I'M GOING AFTER DOC!

COUNT ME IN ON THIS! I THINK I'LL BE MORE USEFUL RIGHT HERE!



WE SHOULD REACH DOC IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!



IN HIS LABORATORY INSIDE THE HEAD OF THE MARTIAN KING, STINKY PLANS HIS RESCUE OF DOC STRONG

THIS TELEVISION PROJECTOR SHOULD DO THE TRICK... IF I FIND THE RIGHT RANGE!



SUDDENLY THE PHOTO-IMAGE OF THE MARTIAN KING APPEARS ABOARD TEENA'S GALLEON!

GOOD BOY, STINKY!  
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME!

NOW WITH A LITTLE ROOM TO WORK IN, BREAKING MY BONDS SHOULD'N'T BE TOO HARD!

SO FAR, SO GOOD - NOW I'LL TRY A LITTLE OF THIS!

WIND REVERSER

AS THE GALLEON DRAWS TO A HALT... WHAT EVIL MAGIC IS THIS THAT DRAWS THE WIND FROM OUR SAILS!

MAGIC OF MY MAKING! ..AND HERE'S SOME MORE!

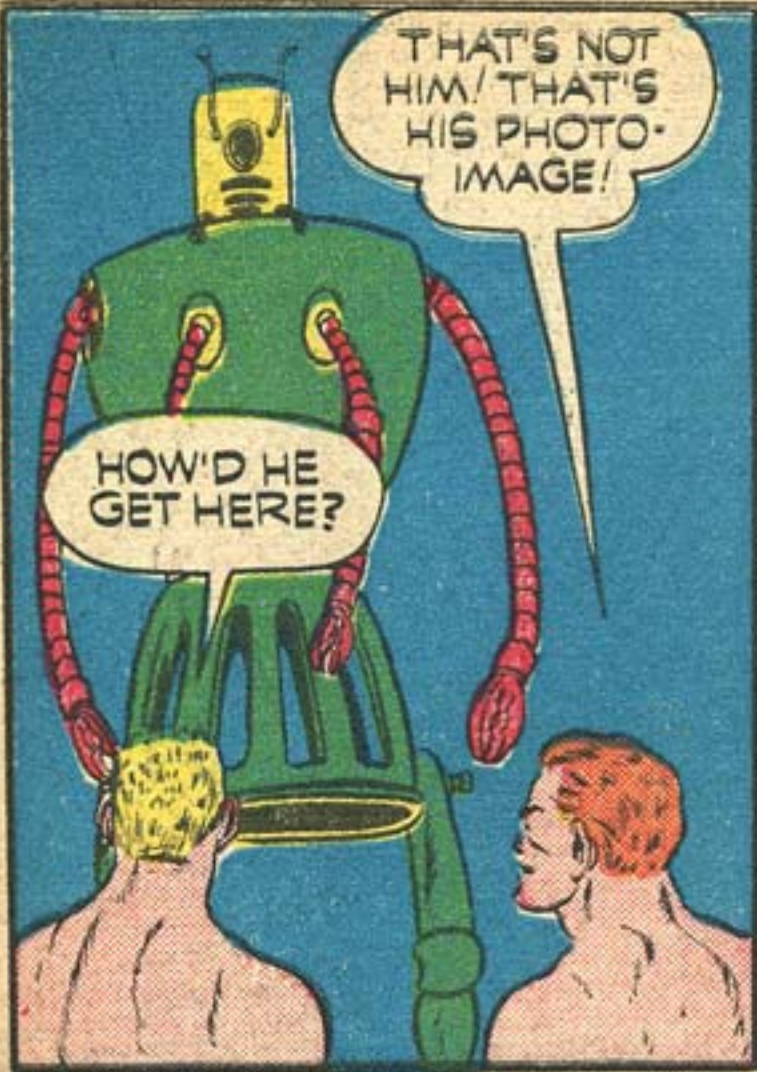
KILL HIM! WITH DOC STRONG DEAD, HIS MAGIC WILL DIE ALSO!

TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE THE BARBARIANS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE RAIDERS!

STAY WITH 'EM, DOC!  
YOU GOT RE-INFORCEMENTS!

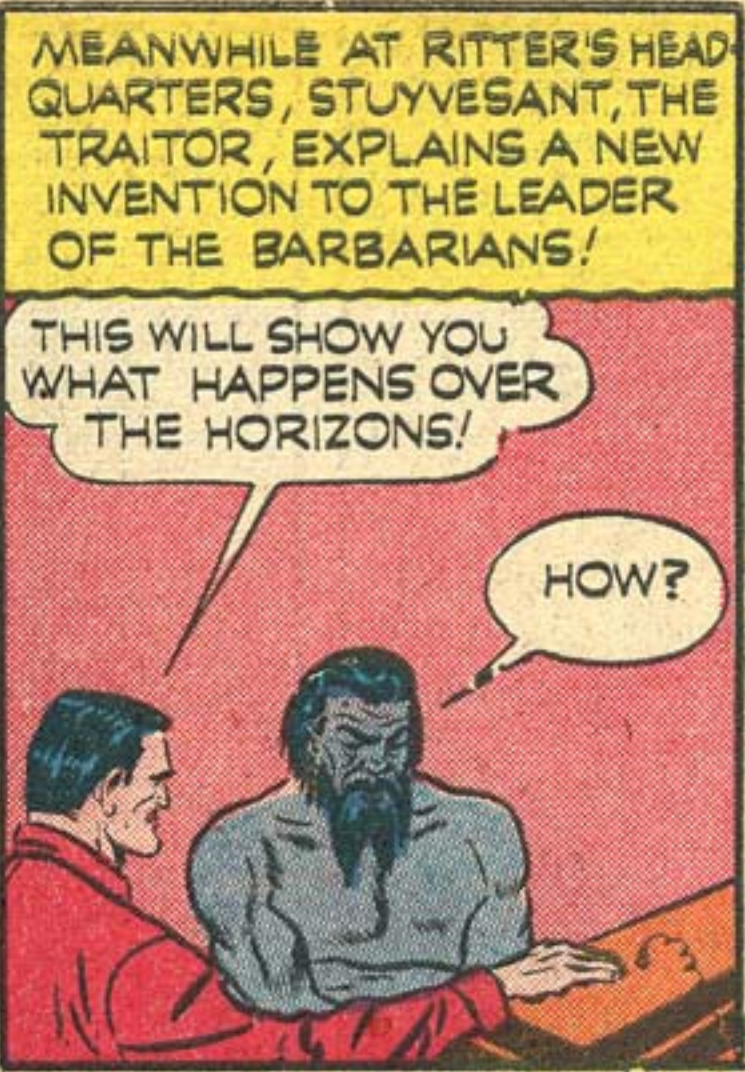
I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE ANYBODY IN ALL MY LIFE!





THAT'S NOT HIM! THAT'S HIS PHOTO-IMAGE!

HOW'D HE GET HERE?



MEANWHILE AT RITTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS, STUYVESANT, THE TRAITOR, EXPLAINS A NEW INVENTION TO THE LEADER OF THE BARBARIANS!

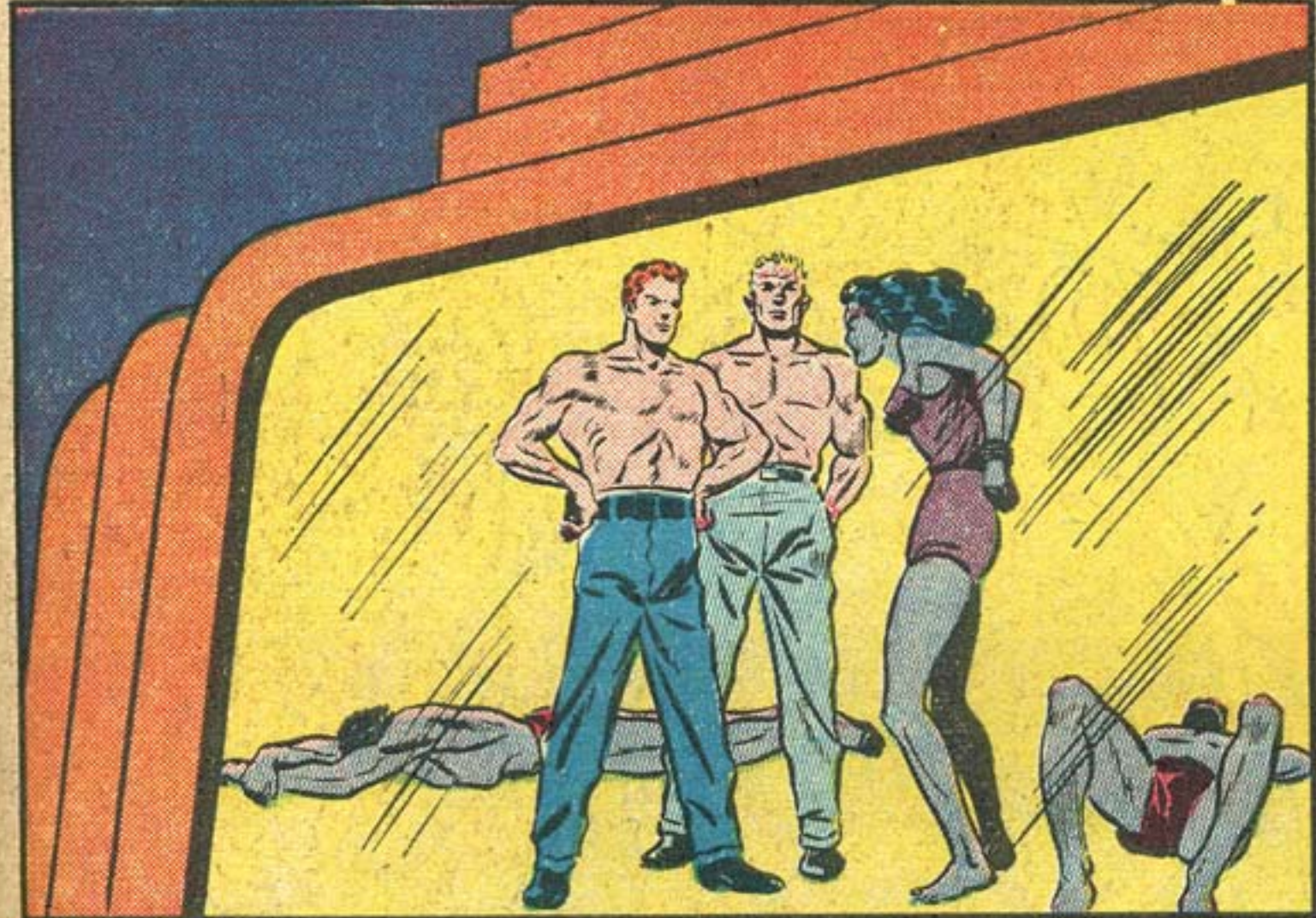
THIS WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS OVER THE HORIZONS!

HOW?



BY PUSHING A BUTTON, THE PICTURE FLASHES HERE!

SHOW ME TEENA'S BOAT!



YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME! FOR THAT, YOU DIE!



WAIT, RITTER, WAIT! I HAVE A PLAN...

TEENA MUST BE SAVED!

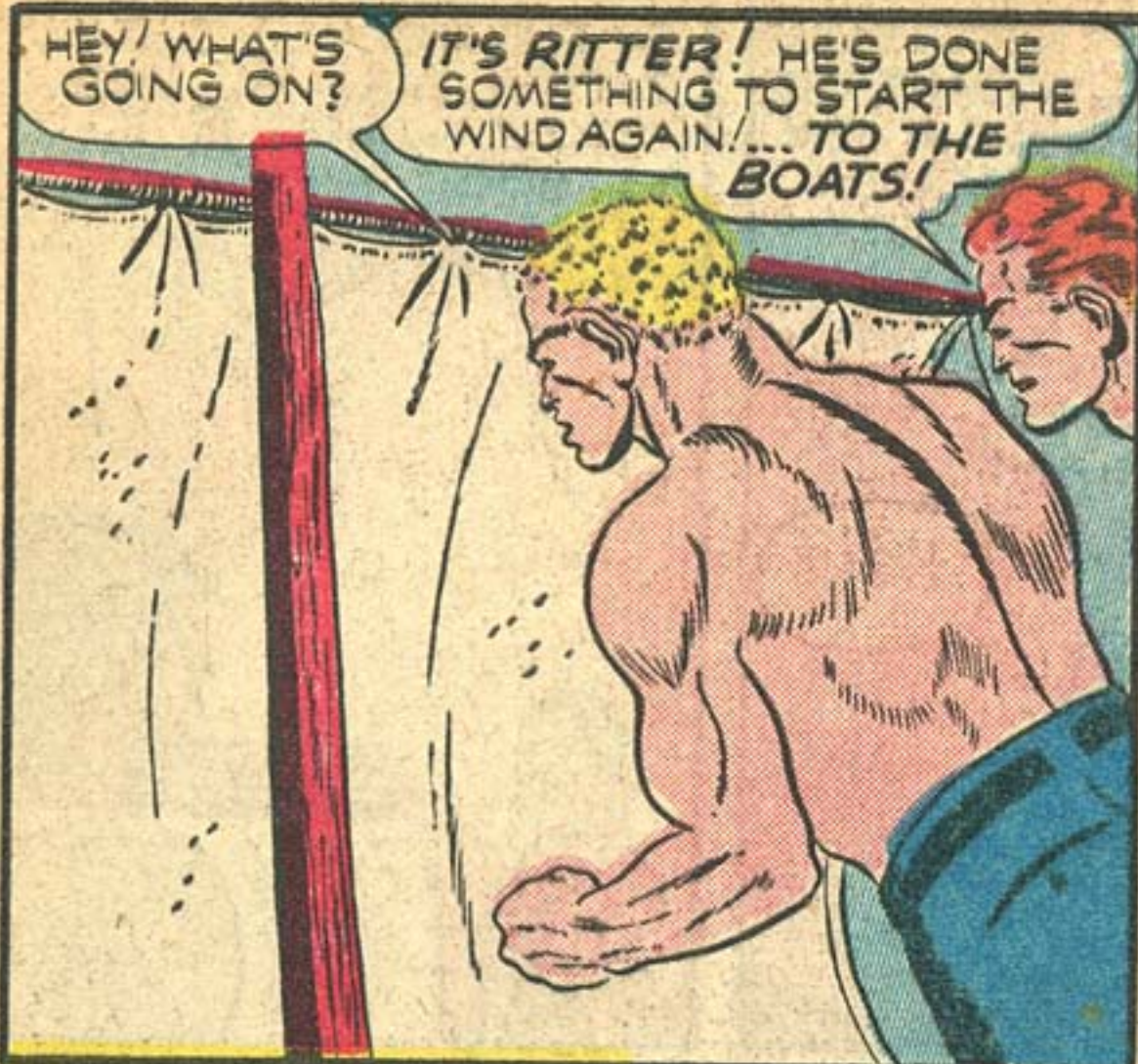


SHE WILL BE, I PROMISE IT!



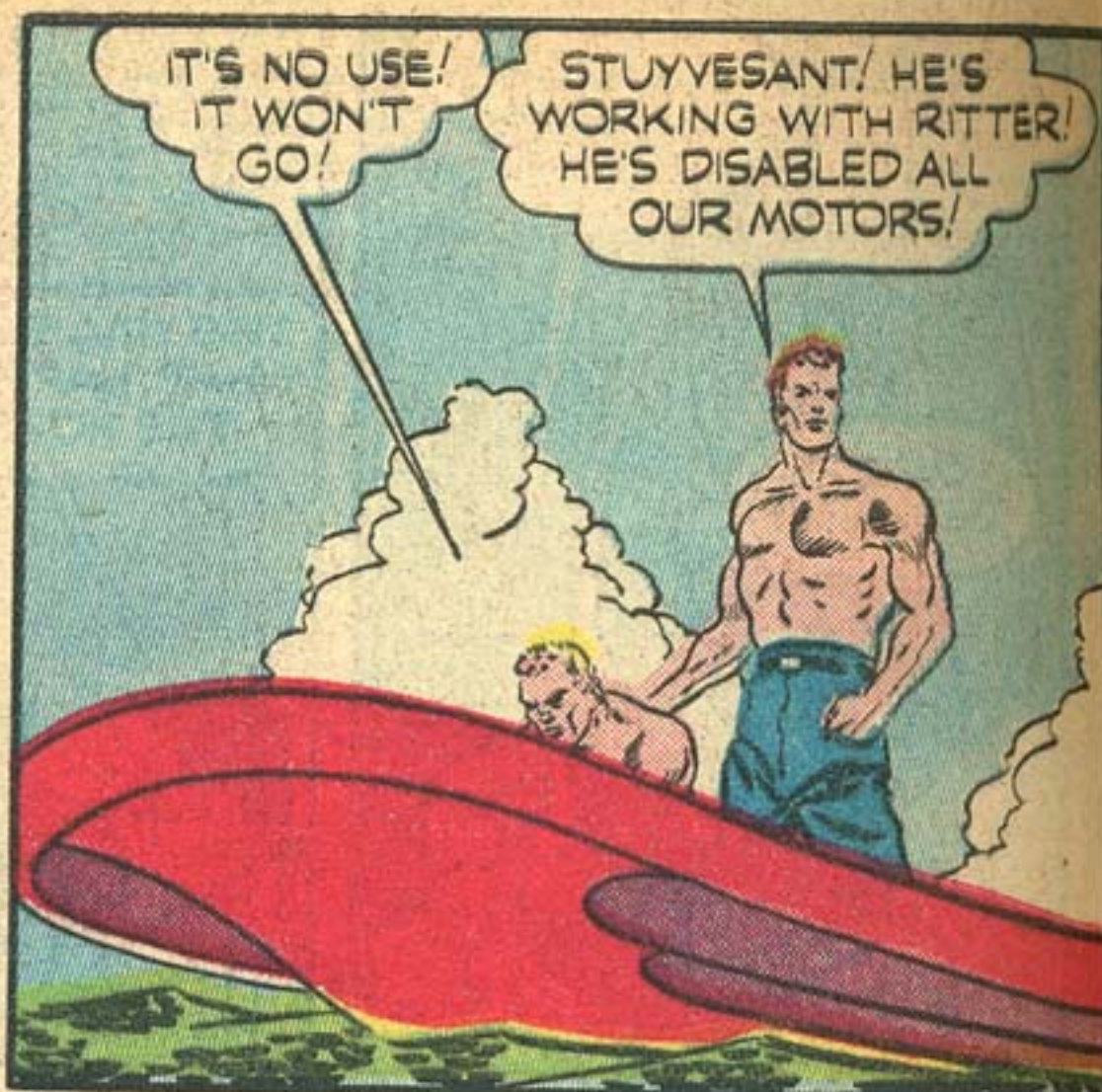
NOW, DOC STRONG, WE SHALL SEE WHO IS THE GREATER SCIENTIST! IN A MOMENT I SHALL DESTROY YOU FOREVER!





HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT'S RITTER! HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO START THE WIND AGAIN!... TO THE BOATS!



IT'S NO USE! IT WON'T GO!

STUYVESANT! HE'S WORKING WITH RITTER! HE'S DISABLED ALL OUR MOTORS!

BACK ON THE ISLE OF RIGHT, STINKY IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE!



OHO, SO HE WANTS TO PLAY! WHAT'S THAT?

WITH THE SHUTTING OFF OF ALL POWER, THE MARTIAN KING COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND!



NOW WE HAVE GOT TROUBLE!

MEANWHILE... RITTER AND HIS MEN RUSH TO THE RESCUE OF TEENA!



TO THE BOATS! DEATH TO DOC STRONG!

OF TEENA!

SUPPOSE THEY'RE TOO WELL ARMED? HOW WILL WE GET BACK?

YOU NEED NOT WORRY! IF THAT HAPPENS, YOU WON'T COME BACK!



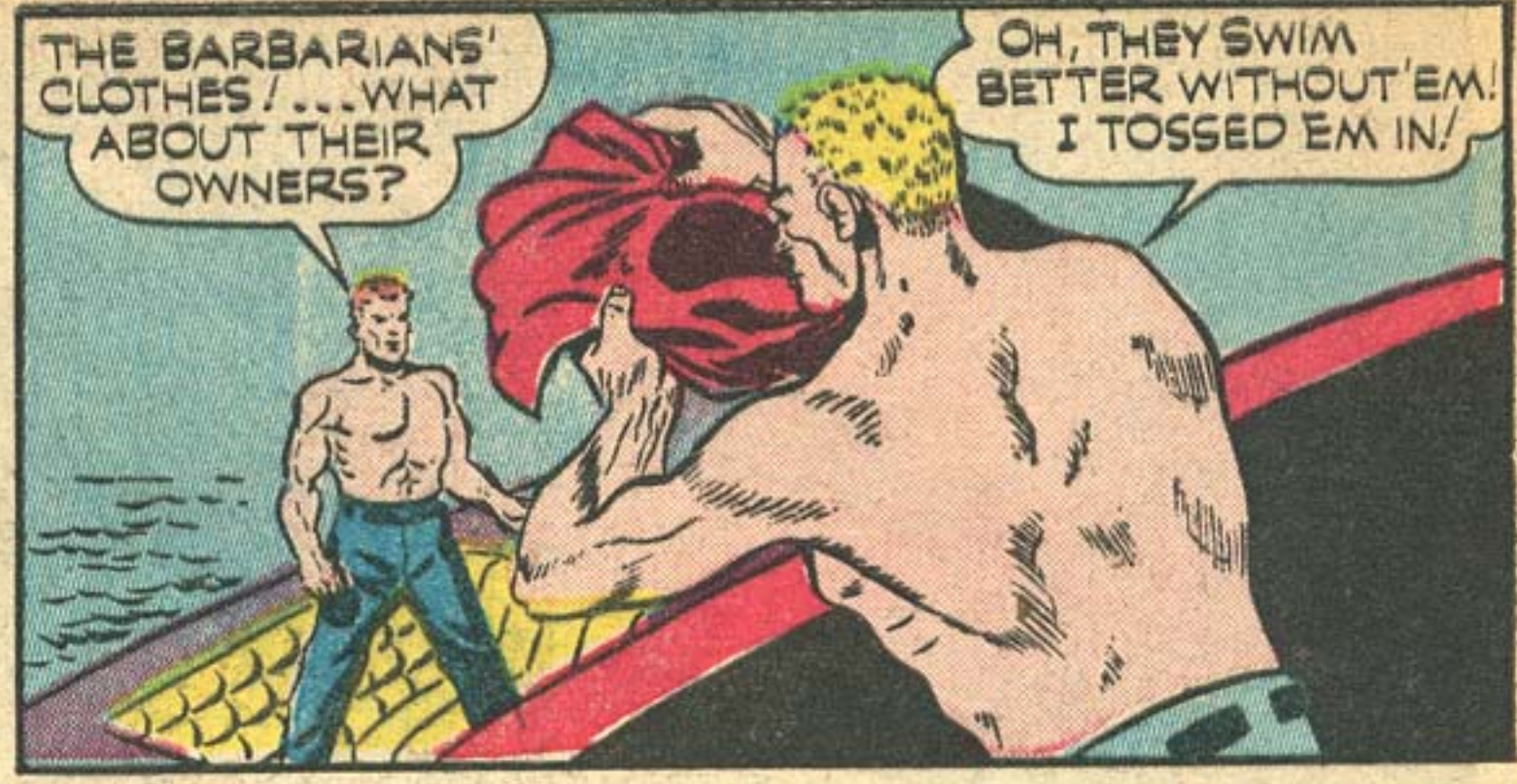


BUT DOC IS FAR FROM BEING BEATEN....



GATHER ALL THE OLD RAGS AND CLOTH YOU CAN!

THE BARBARIANS' CLOTHES! ...WHAT ABOUT THEIR OWNERS?



OH, THEY SWIM BETTER WITHOUT 'EM! I TOSSED 'EM IN!

THESE MOTORS WONT WORK BECAUSE STUYVESANT PROBABLY SET UP AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD! NOW IF I CAN INSULATE THE MOTOR!



THERE'S A BARBARIAN SHIP COMING THIS WAY!



IF THIS WORKS WE'LL BE READY FOR 'EM!



IF IT DOESN'T?

WE'D BETTER BE READY FOR 'EM!



DOC STRONG TURNS ON THE IGNITION AND...

RITTER! HERE WE COME!

HOORAY! IT WORKS!



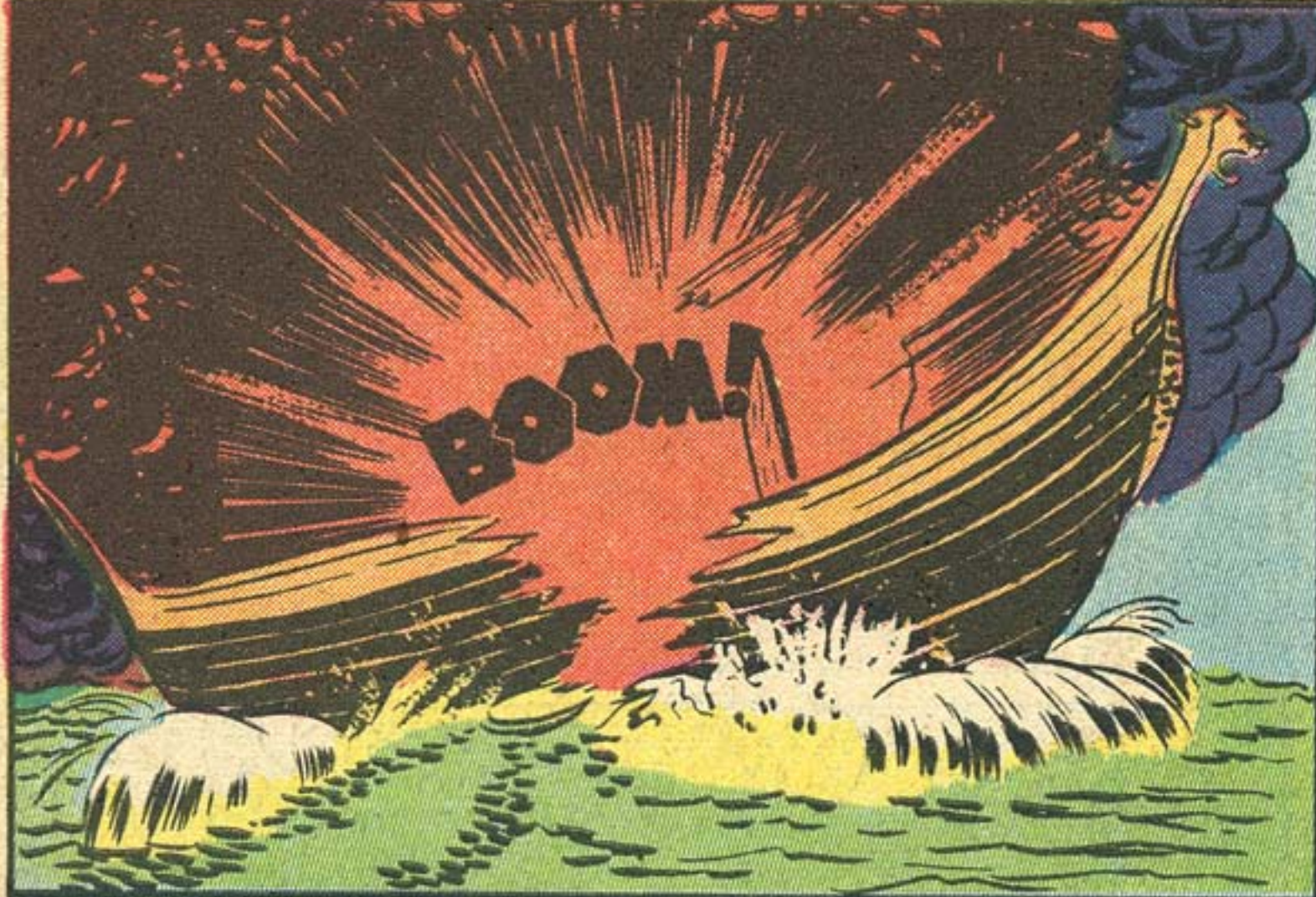
5

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THESE MARTIAN BOATS ARE ALL LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES...JUST WATCH!

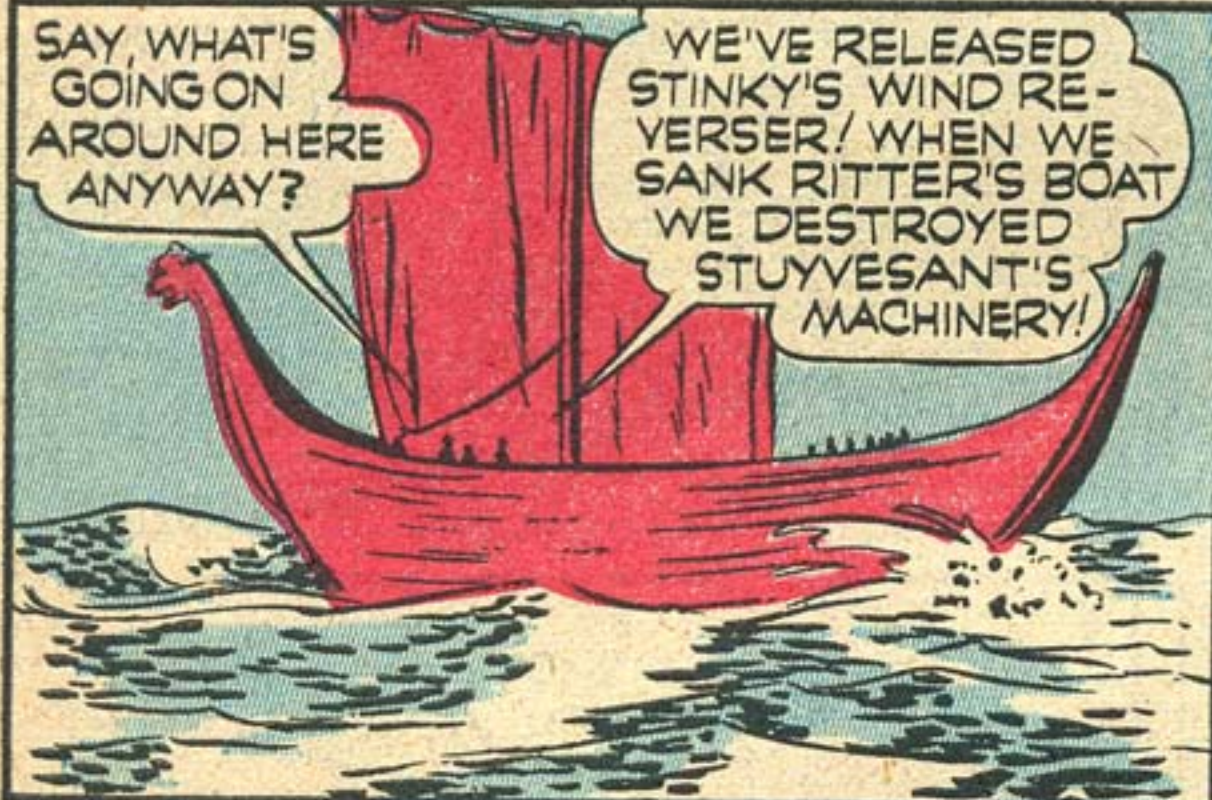






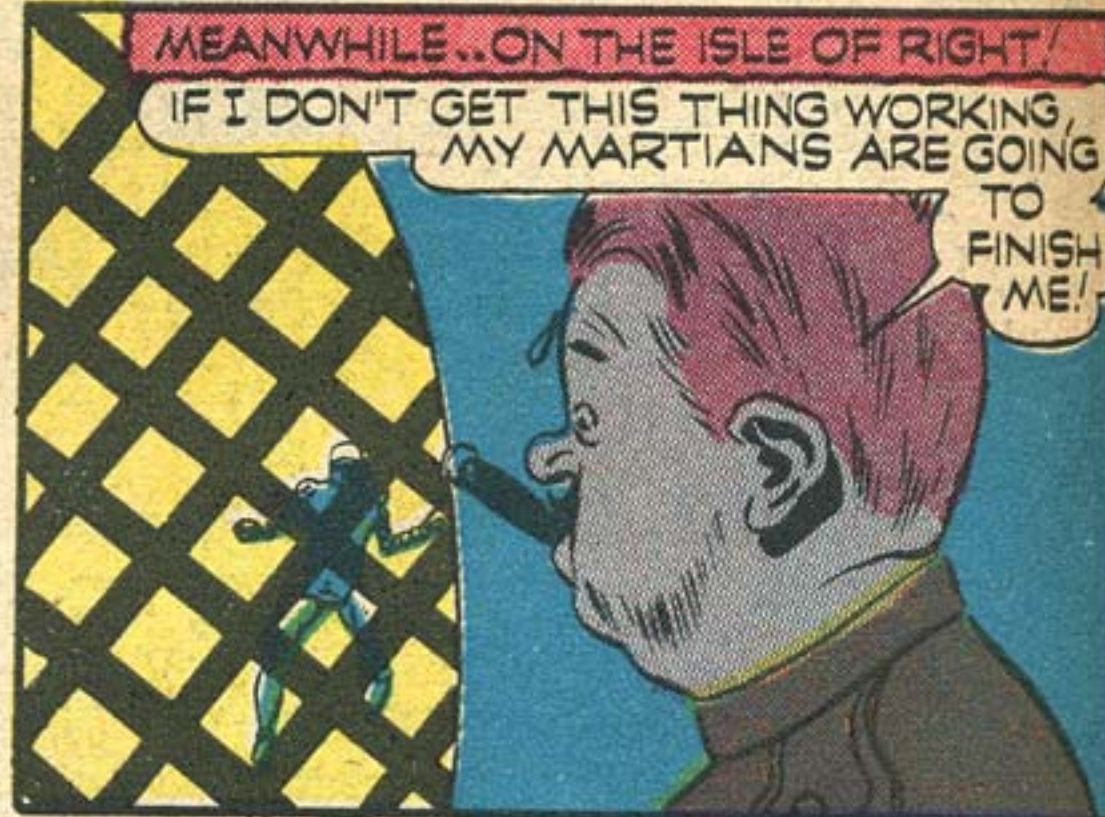
NICE SHOOTING DOC!

BULL'S EYE!

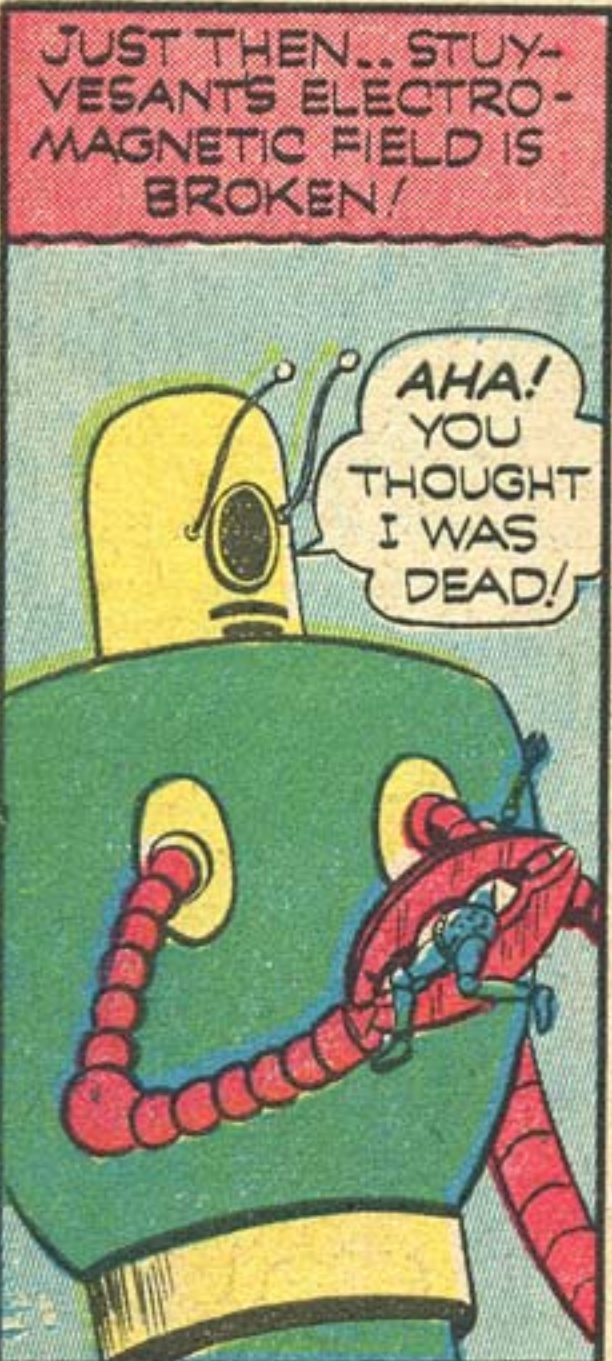


SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE ANYWAY?

WE'VE RELEASED STINKY'S WIND REVERSER! WHEN WE SANK RITTER'S BOAT WE DESTROYED STUYVESANT'S MACHINERY!

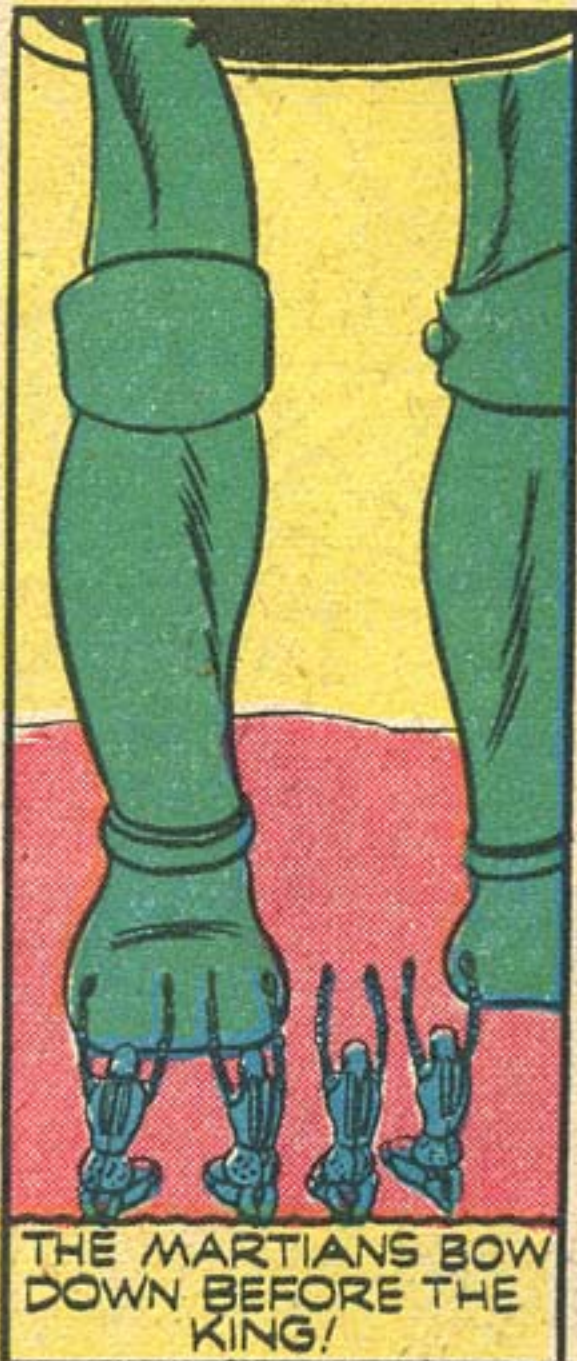


MEANWHILE... ON THE ISLE OF RIGHT!  
IF I DON'T GET THIS THING WORKING MY MARTIANS ARE GOING TO FINISH ME!



JUST THEN... STUYVESANT'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD IS BROKEN!

AHA!  
YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD!



THE MARTIANS BOW DOWN BEFORE THE KING!



WHEW! THAT'LL SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS!



YOU SAID IT, STINKY!

DOC STRONG WINS HIS BATTLES AGAINST ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION IN EVERY ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!



# LOOP LOGAN


*Air Ace*

An aerial dogfight scene with several biplanes in a blue sky. A green biplane with the number '101-2' is prominent on the left. A red and yellow biplane is in the upper right. Other smaller biplanes are scattered throughout the scene.

LOOP LOGAN IS FIGHTING WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN EGYPT, PUSHING THE ITALIANS BACK INTO LIBYA... LOOP IS IN THE MIDST OF A DOG-FIGHT OVER ITALIAN TERRITORY....

A close-up of Loop Logan in the cockpit of his red biplane. He is wearing a red cap and goggles. A young boy, Clatra, is sitting next to him, acting as an observer.


LOGAN TRAINS HIS GUNS ON AN ENEMY SHIP, WHILE CLATRA - HIS FAITHFUL EGYPTIAN BOY - ACTS AS OBSERVER!

A red and yellow biplane is shown in flames, falling from the sky. A large plume of white smoke and fire trails behind it as it descends.

THE ITALIAN BOMBER GOES DOWN IN FLAMES!

Three British soldiers in blue uniforms are on a ship. Two are aiming rifles upwards, and one is looking towards the right. The background is a bright yellow sky.

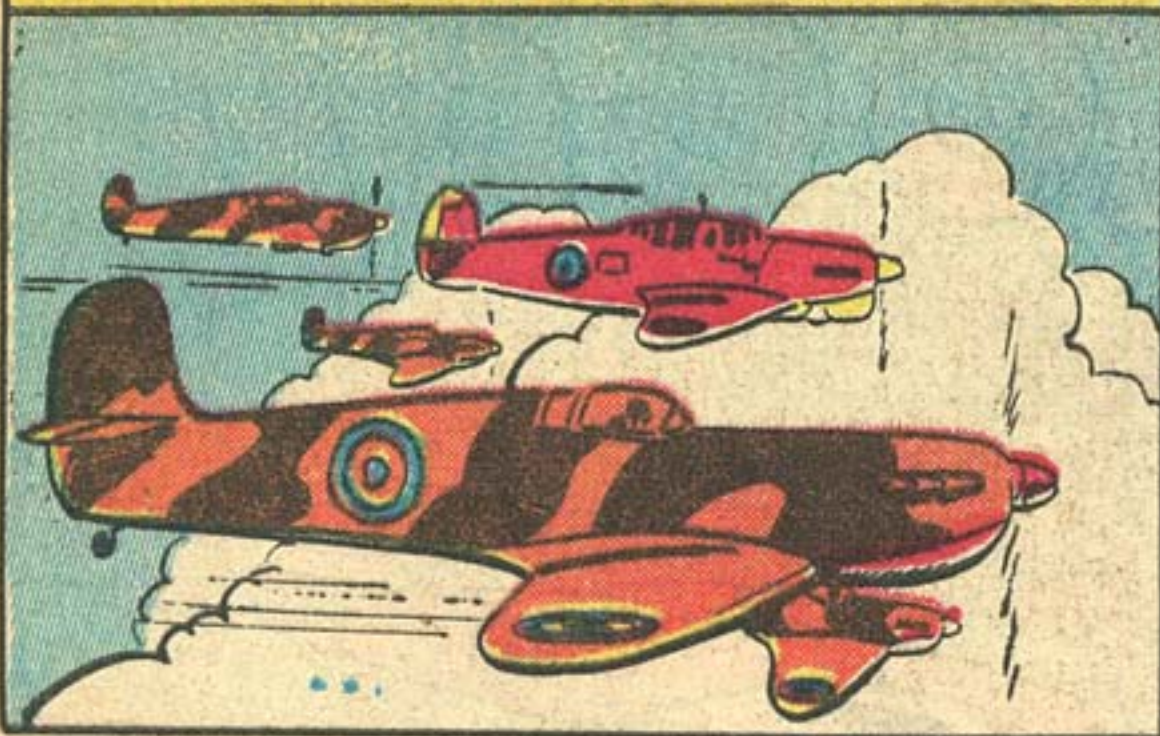
BUT THE ITALIAN GROUND FORCES DRIVE OFF THE BRITISH RAIDERS.

A close-up of Loop Logan's face, reflected in a red surface. He has a thoughtful expression.

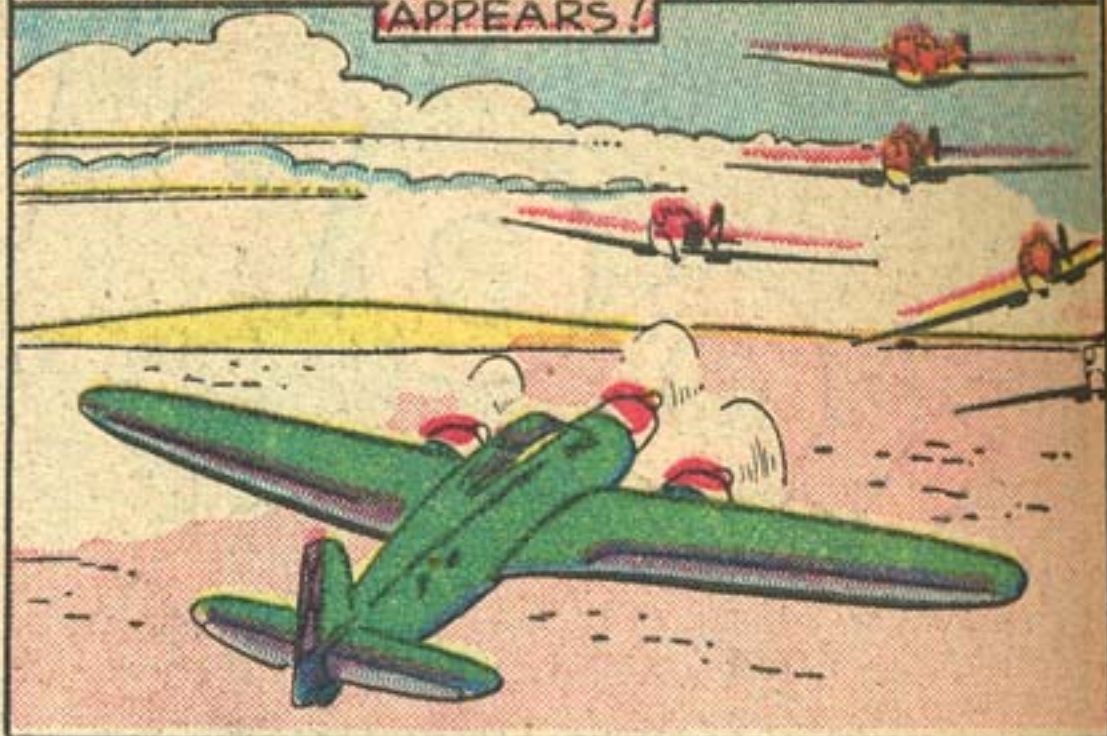
WELL, I GUESS THAT POSITION IS TOO TOUGH TO OVERCOME! WE'LL SCUD FOR HOME - THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER DAY - AND MAYBE A BETTER WAY TO ATTACK THEM!



LOOP LEADS HIS SQUADRON TOWARDS HOME"



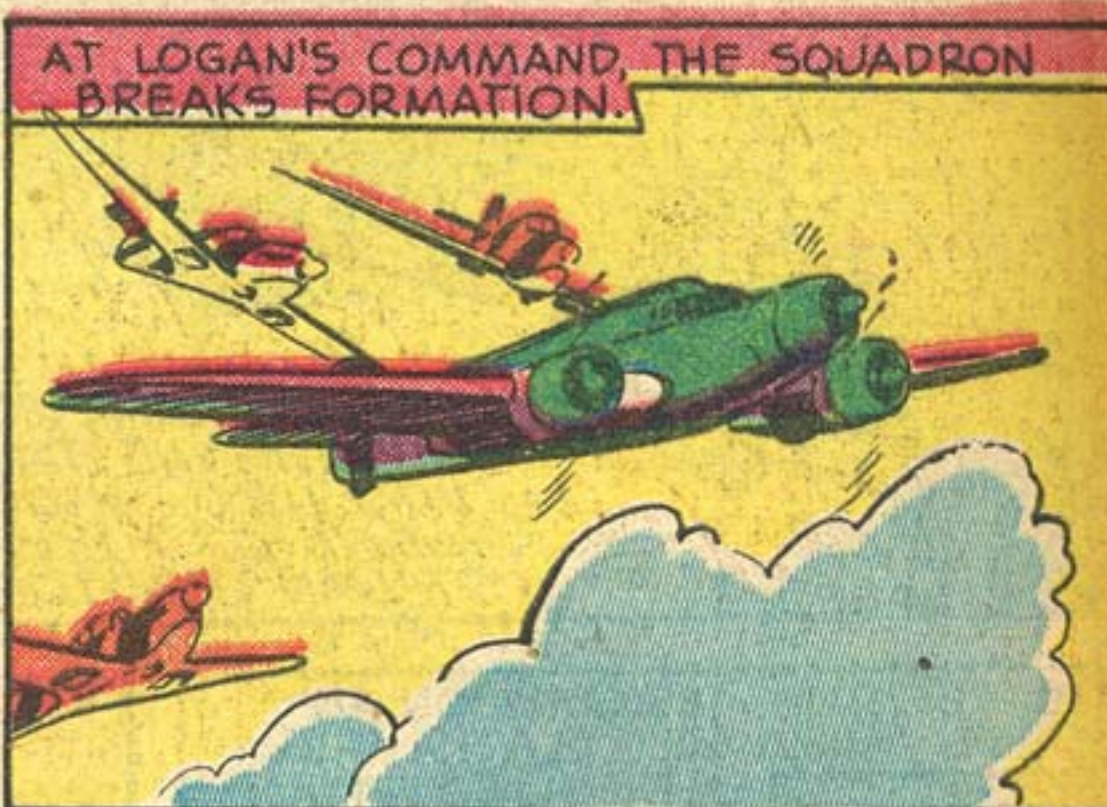
WHEN A LONE ITALIAN "CAPRONI" BOMBER APPEARS!



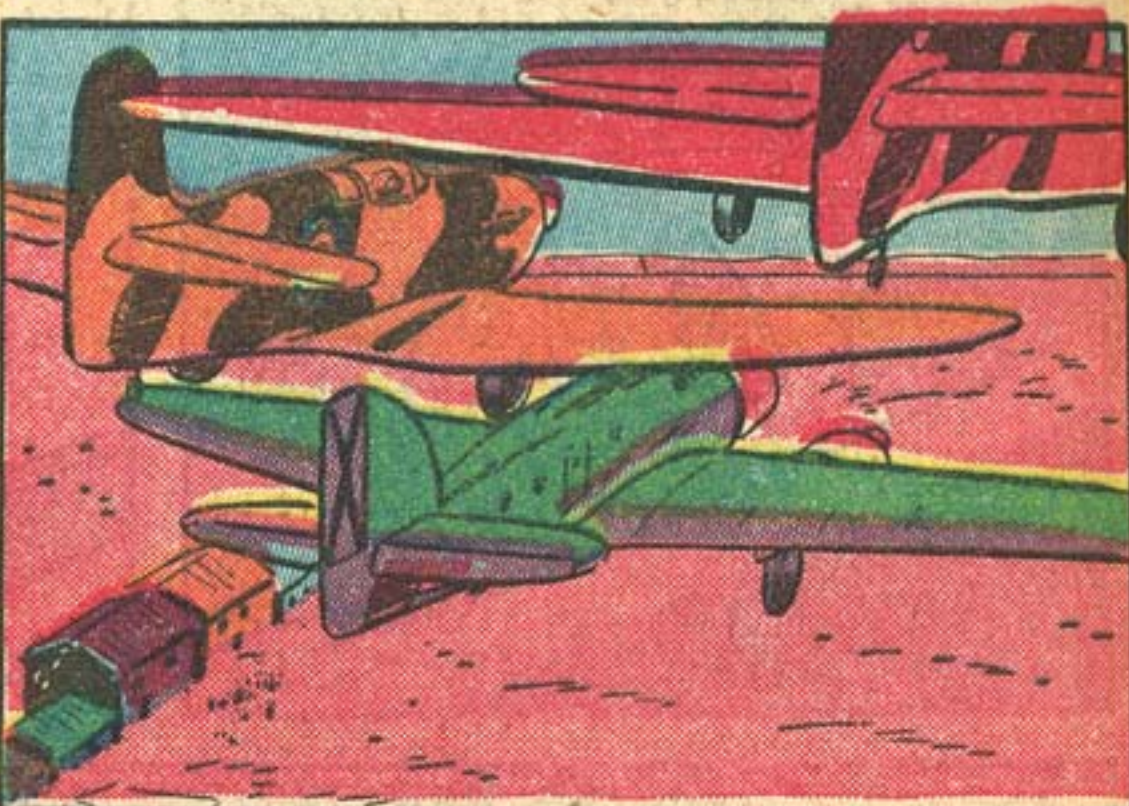
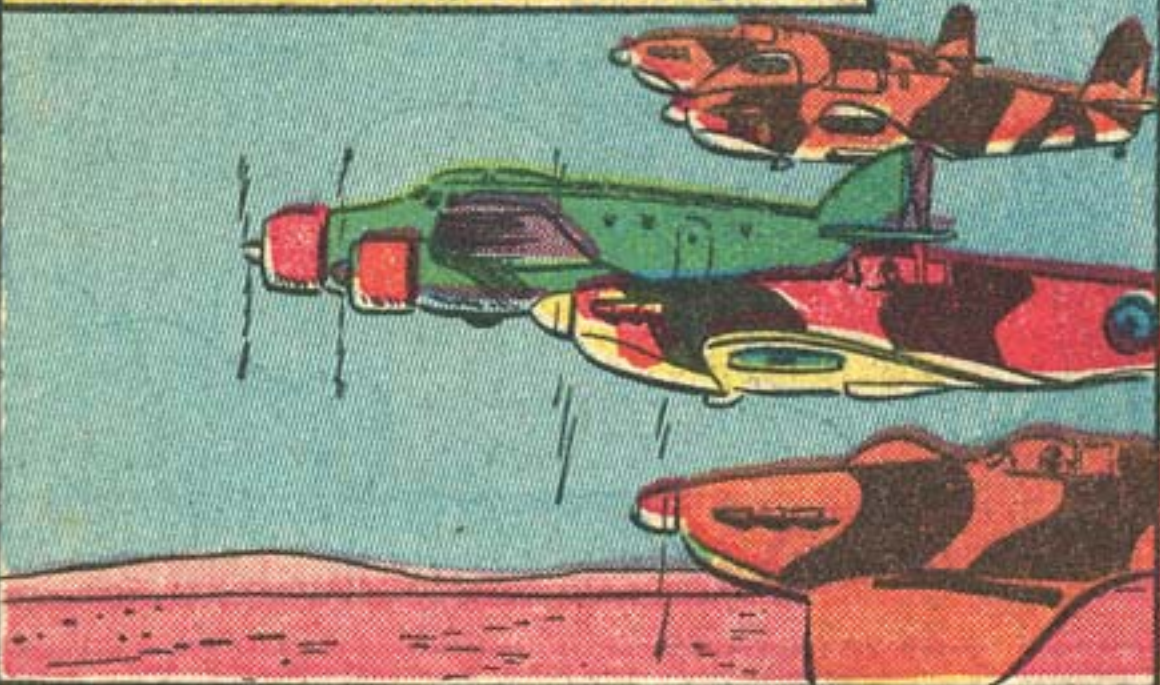
SURROUND THE BOMBER AND SIGNAL IT TO COME WITH US!



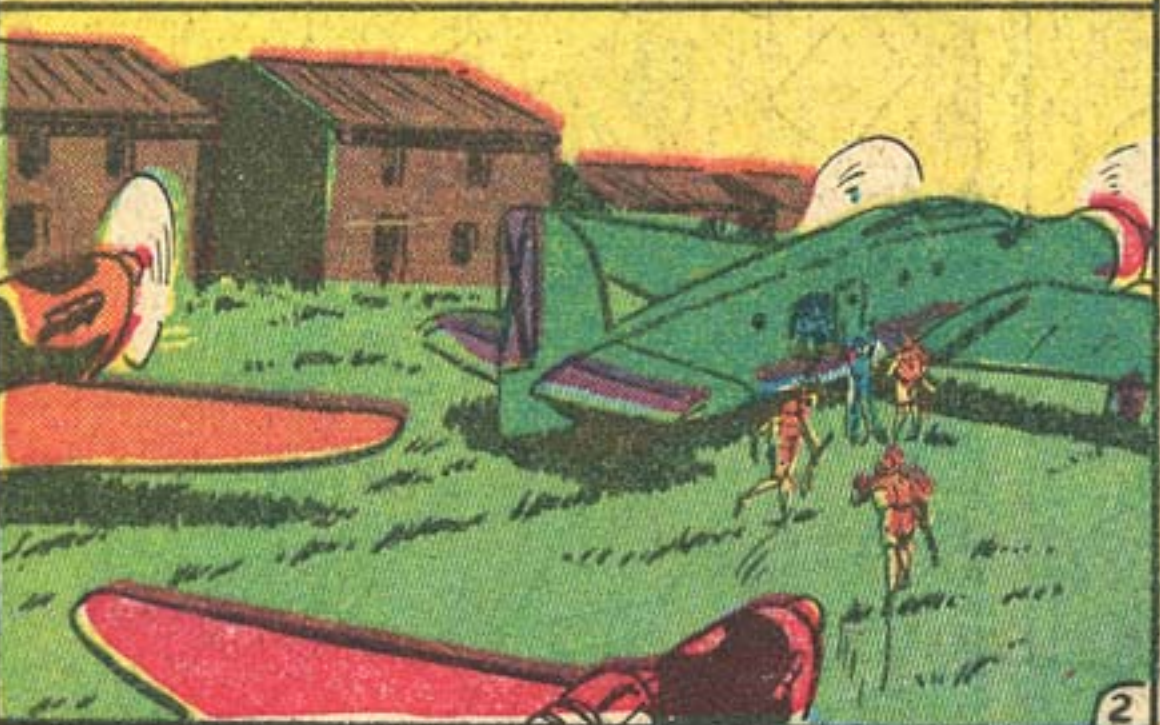
AT LOGAN'S COMMAND, THE SQUADRON BREAKS FORMATION.



THEY SURROUND THE CAPRONI AND ESCORT IT TOWARDS THEIR BASE.



THE BOMBER'S CREW IS TAKEN PRISONER.

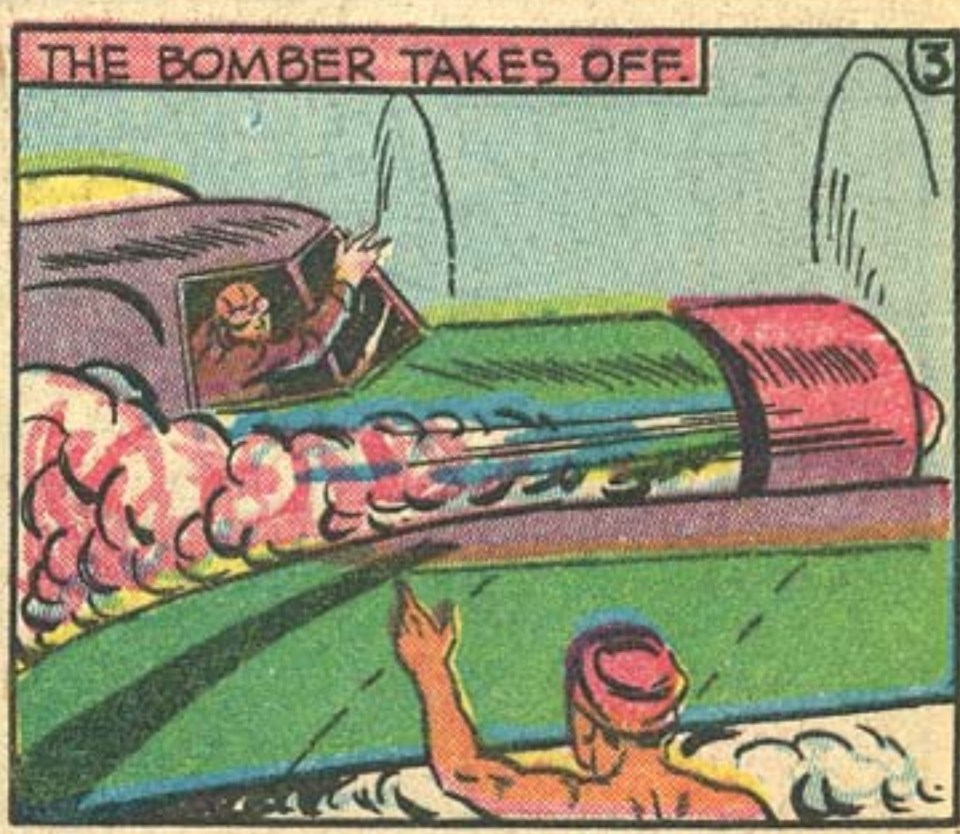
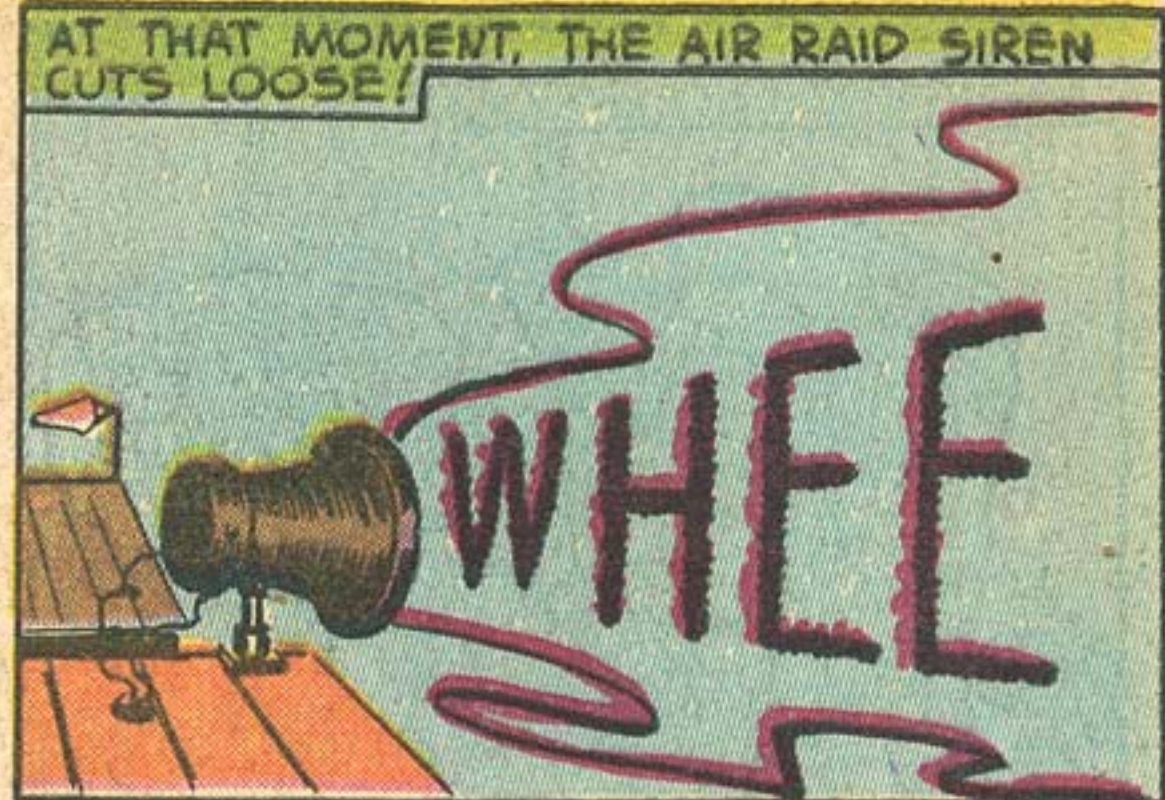


NICE WORK LOGAN! WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE BOMBER NOW? PUT IT IN OUR TROPHY ROOM?

I THINK I MIGHT HAVE A BETTER IDEA THAN THAT!

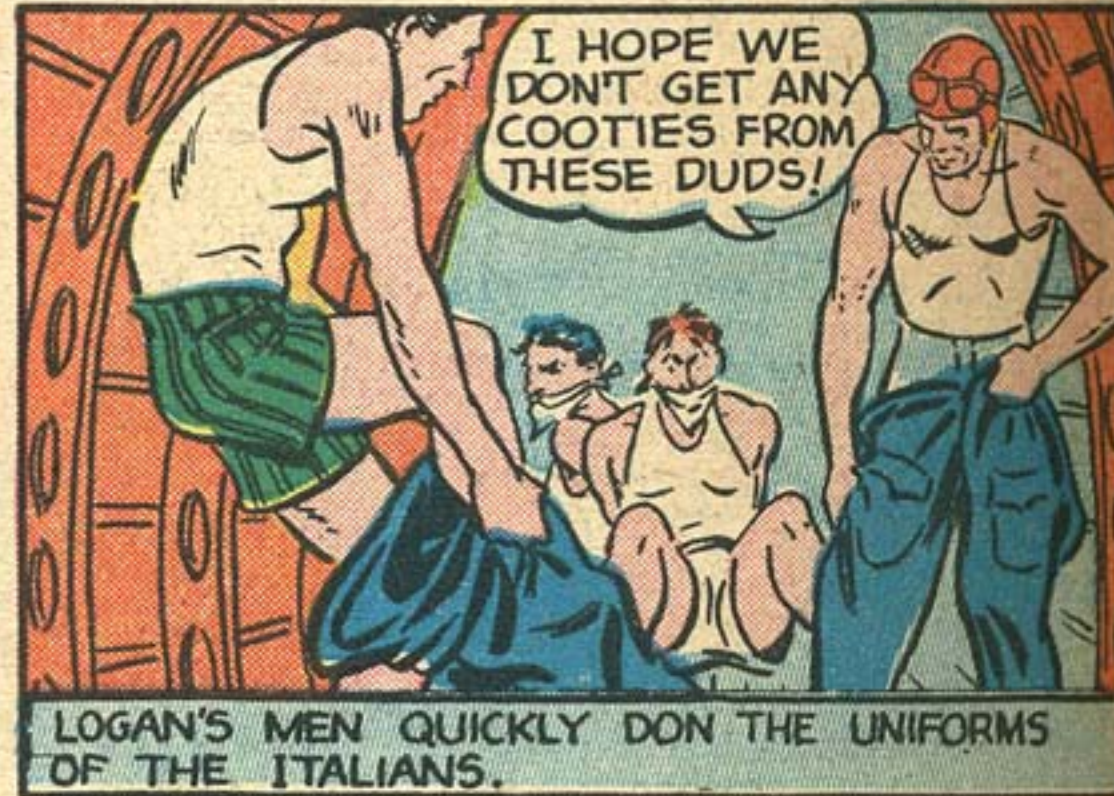
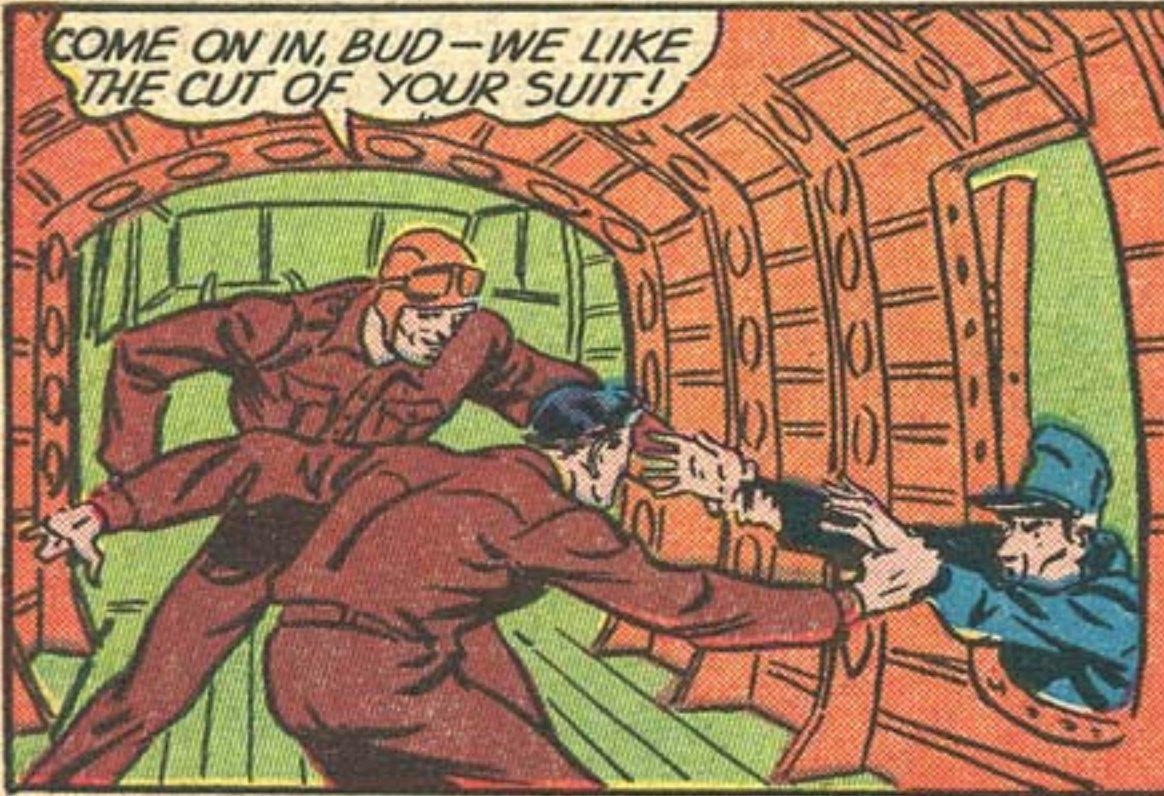
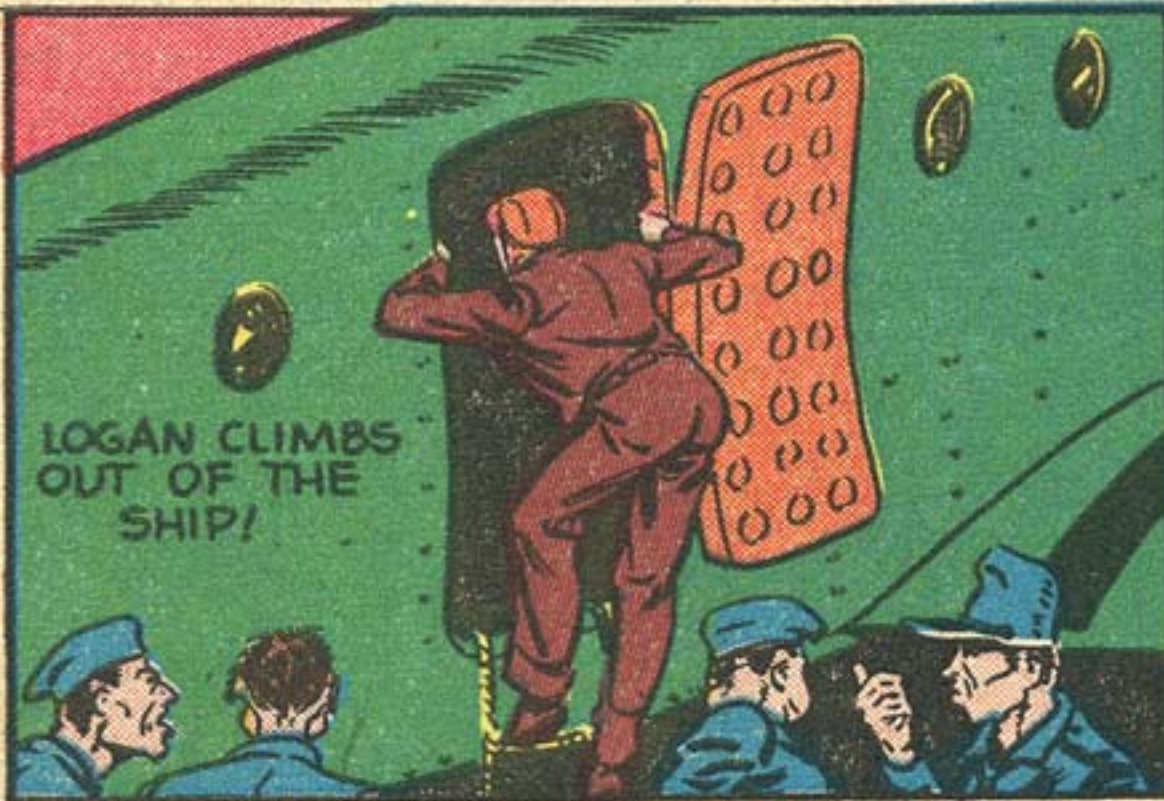
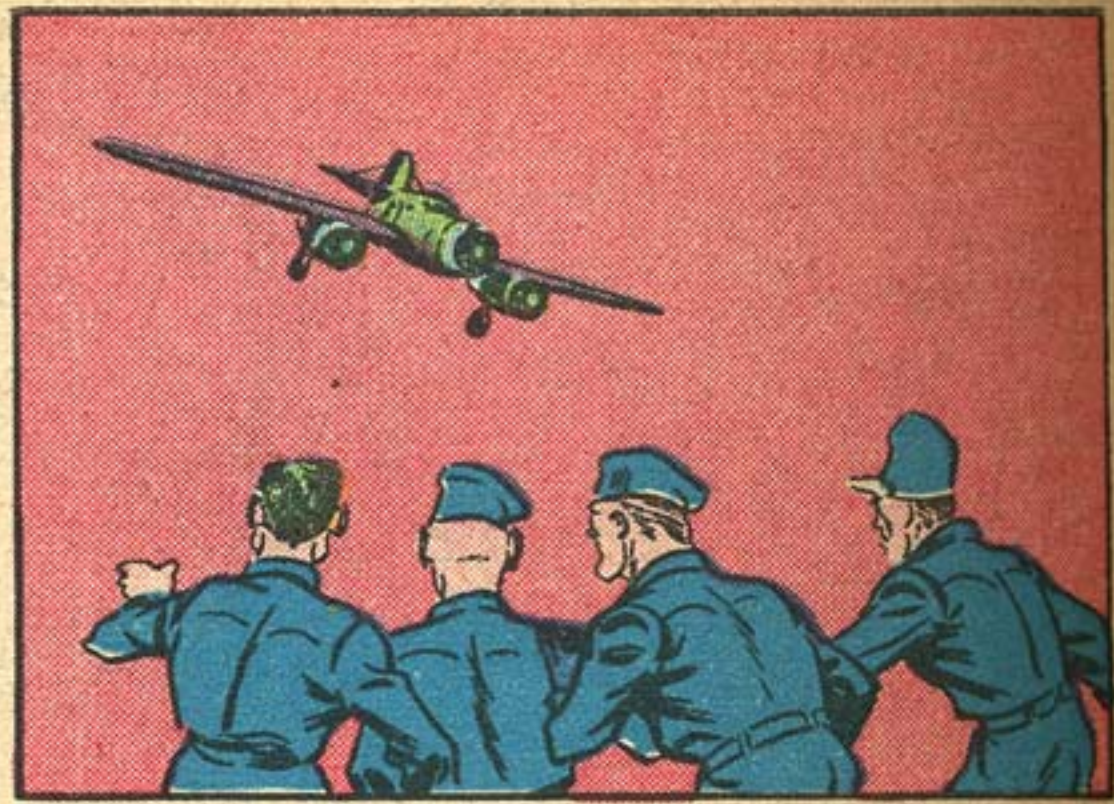








AT THE ITALIAN BASE -  
SOMETIME LATER...







DON'T MAKE A BAD MOVE, SIGNOR!  
I HAVE MY SERVICE PISTOL  
RIGHT HERE!

??



YOU WILL CALL  
OUT ALL YOUR  
MEN FOR  
INSPECTION!  
UNDERSTAND?

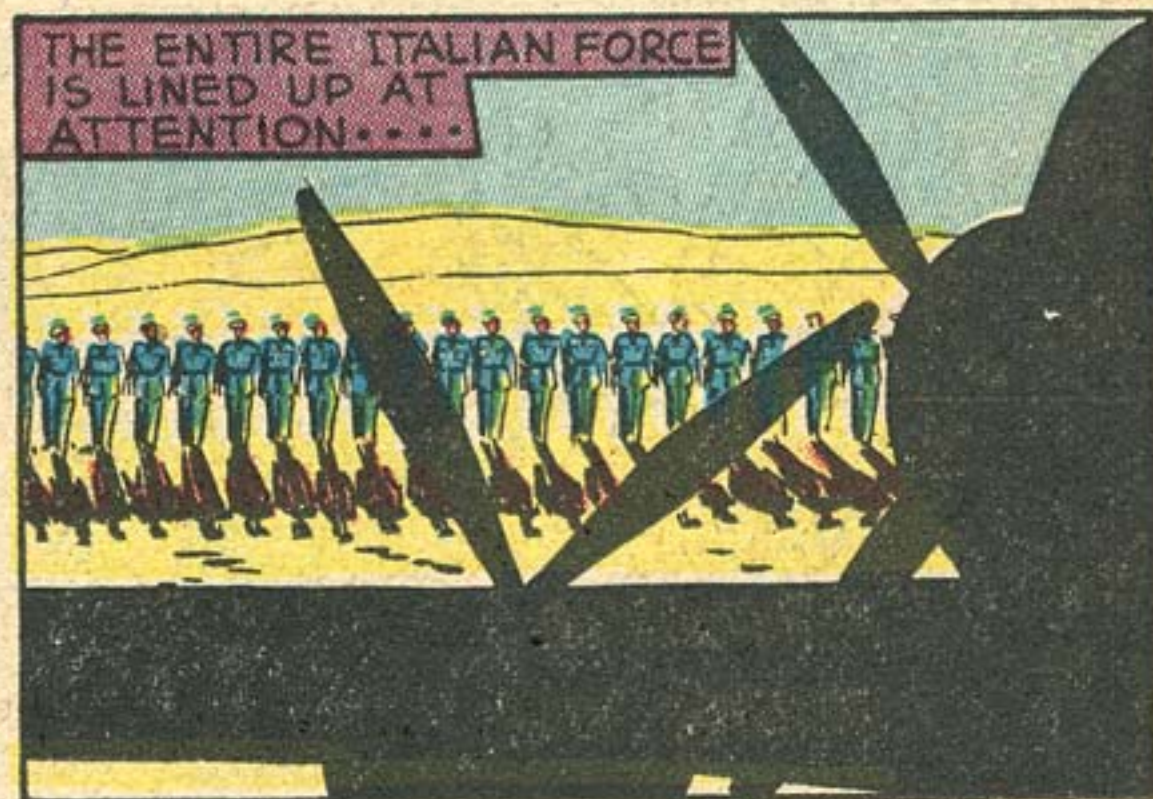
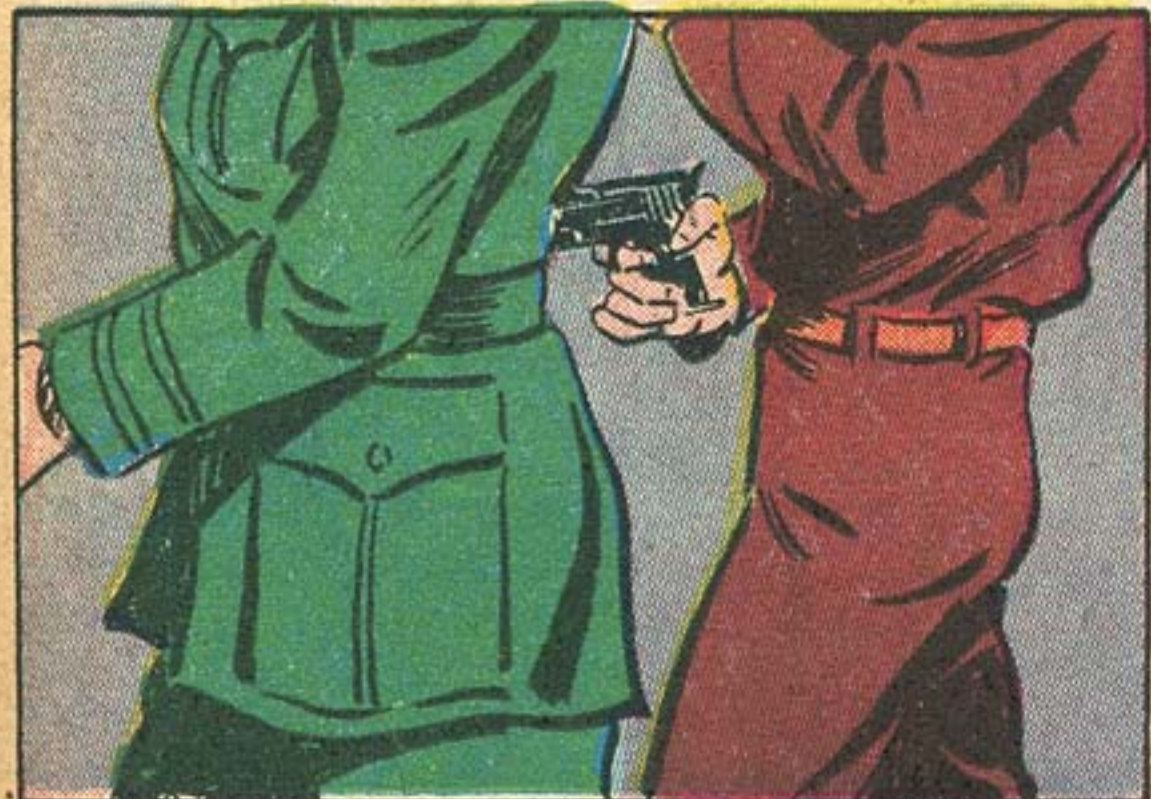


INFORM COMPANY  
COMMANDERS TO HAVE  
THEIR MEN ON THE  
FIELD FOR INSPECTION,  
AT ONCE! THAT'S  
CORRECT! BUT WITH-  
OUT THEIR GUNS!



NOW, MARCH!  
AND DON'T LOOK  
SO SAD!

WITH THE GUN  
IN MY BACK,  
YOU WANT  
ME TO  
MAKE  
JOKES?



THE ENTIRE ITALIAN FORCE  
IS LINED UP AT  
ATTENTION...



AS THE REST OF LOOP'S MEN LEAP OUT OF  
THE BOMBER!

THEY LOOK VERY  
PRETTY, DON'T  
THEY? THANKS  
FOR LETTING  
ME SEE  
THEM!



OKAY, BOYS! TAKE THEM ALL OVER THERE  
AND LOCK THEM UP IN THE HANGAR!

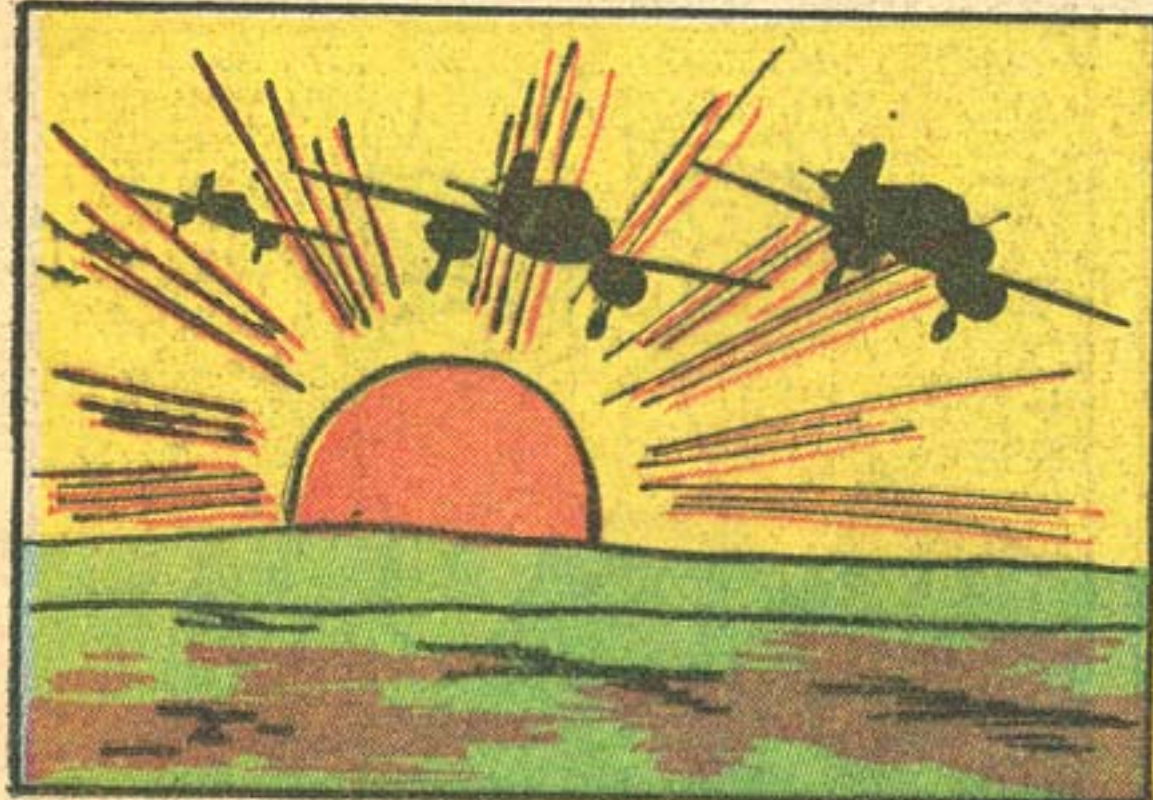




NOW LET'S GET GOING! DIG THOSE DITCHES CLEAR ACROSS THE FIELD! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE BOMBERS A SURPRISE WHEN THEY COME HOME!



AND HERE THEY COME NOW, JUST OVER THE HORIZON! DUCK, FELLOWS!



AS THE BOMBERS LAND, THEY STRIKE THE SHALLOW TRENCHES!



.....AND A SHAMBLES RESULTS!



GOT ALL THE GUYS OUT OF THE PLANES?

YEAH! WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM! YOU SURE FIXED THEM UP NICE!

WE PICKED UP THE C.O. ON THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO! HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!



LOGAN CALLING! COME IN, MAJOR! LOGAN CALLING! COME IN!

NICE WORK, LOOP! THIS MEANS WE WIN THE WAR IN AFRICA! IT MAY BE THE START OF THE END OF MR. HITLER!

6  
LOOP LOGAN RIDES THE WAR-TORN SKIES OF THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE IN NEXT MONTH'S BLUE RIBBON COMICS!



# THE DOCTOR DRUMS UP BUSINESS

**D**R. JOHN "DROPKICK" MURPHY is the "Golden Boy" of wrestling. With very blonde hair smiling Irish eyes and a classic Celtic profile, he is in a class by himself among the present catch-as-catch-canners.

Murphy is a beautiful athlete in action. He combines grace, speed, ring generalship, and all the tricks and acrobatics that make up the modern wrestler. The sobriquet of "Dropkick" was tagged to his name almost from the day he started grappling, because of his great use of the dropkick as a means of offense and defense.

While the title of "Dropkick" was a nickname prefaced to the Irish lad's name by the fans, he comes by the Doctor title through his own studious efforts. John E. Murphy, M.D., to give him his proper title, is a full-fledged physician, a graduate of the Middlesex College of Medicine and Surgery in Boston, Mass.

Doc Murphy is a lover of all sports. He was a star athlete at St. Anselm's preparatory school, and later further distinguished himself in sport when he entered the U. of Alabama, where he studied for two years.

At the termination of his schooling, life, and its converse problems, faced our young hero. Not endowed with too much of this world's goods, he weighed the problem of his medical studies, the years of hard work ahead with no remuneration, before he

could be admitted to the honorable profession of medicine.

Wrestling was the only opening he saw which might solve the problem. Being a strong-willed young man, Murphy temporarily forgot his dream about being a doctor and set to work to earn a living. He knew he could wrestle, perhaps better than most men his weight, but it was not so easy to get employment grappling professionally. Other wrestlers with reputations were getting all the work with only an occasional match being thrown to Murphy.

Feeling that if he was ever to get any place in the rassing world he would have to think up something original, Murphy put his thought processes into action. After trying this and that, he finally conceived the idea of introducing a specialized type of hold, which if successful would catapult him into the limelight. For months he devoted all his time to the gym, learning, speeding up, and practicing the "dropkick" which has made him famous.

Murphy has licked everyone he has been called upon to meet, and the only reason he is not the wrestling champion of the world is that there are twenty claimants for that title, and not one of them will give the Doc a chance at his little portion of the title, shady as that claim may be.

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Blue Ribbon Comics, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1940.

State of New York  
County of New York ] ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the Blue Ribbon Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Editor, Abner J. Sundell, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Abner J. Sundell, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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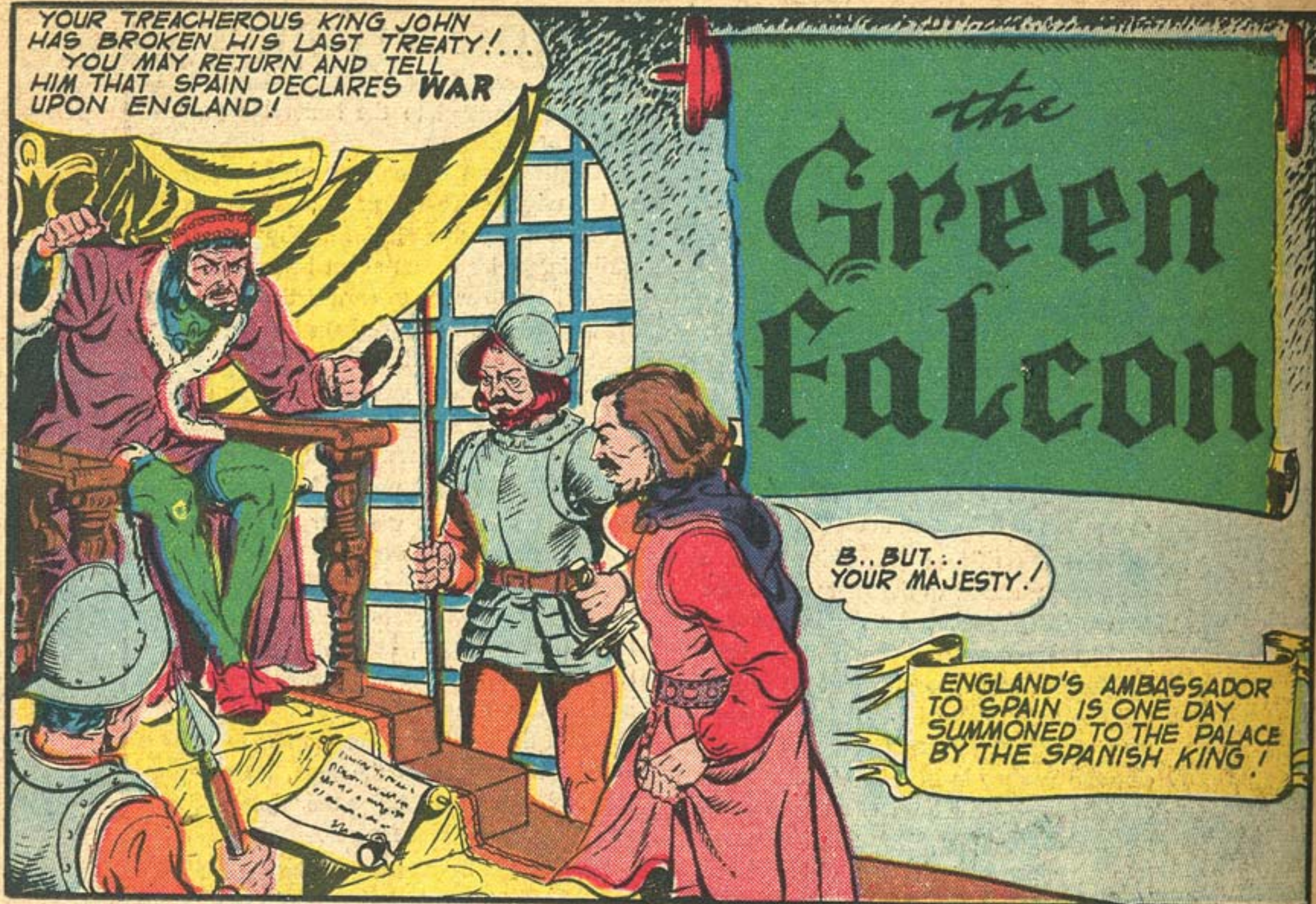
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT  
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1940. Maurice Coyne (My commission expires March 30, 1942). Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 104, Reg. No. 10-C-42; Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 162, Reg. No. 2-C-143; Cert. filed in Kings Co. [SEAL] No. 146, Reg. No. 2113



YOUR TREACHEROUS KING JOHN HAS BROKEN HIS LAST TREATY!... YOU MAY RETURN AND TELL HIM THAT SPAIN DECLARES WAR UPON ENGLAND!



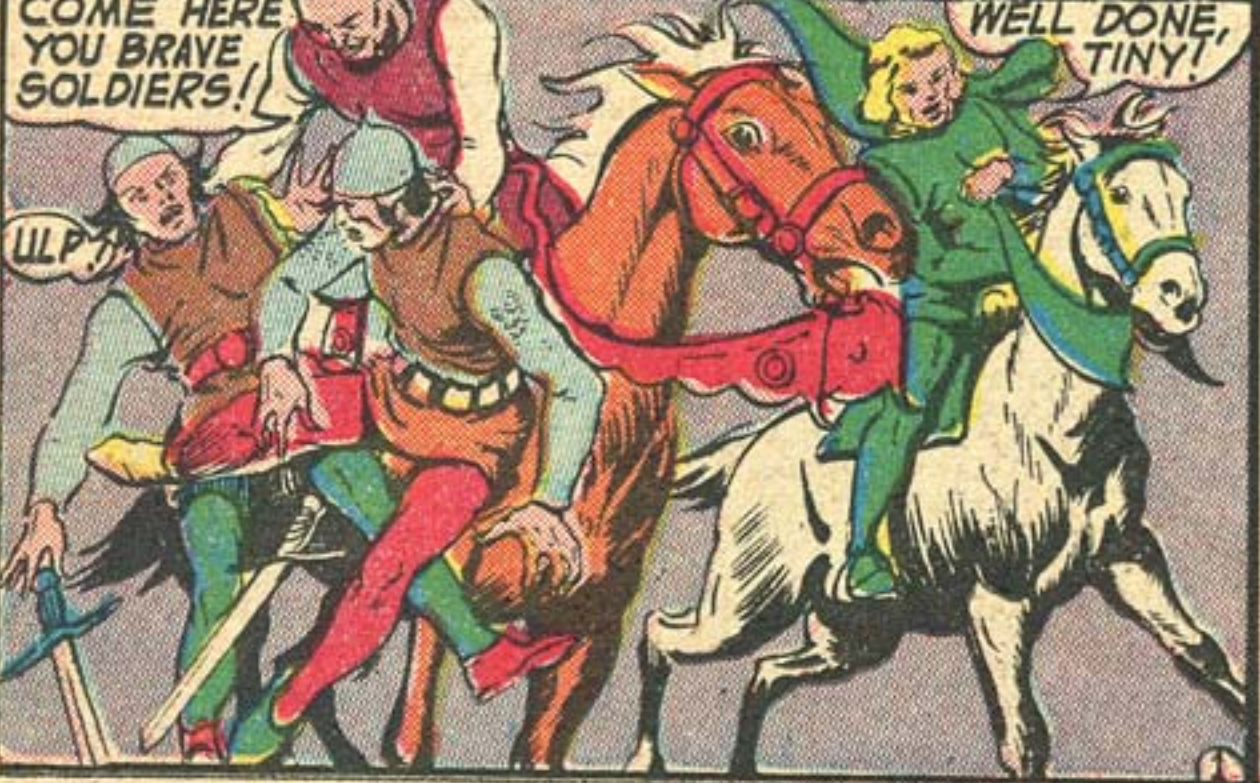
B., BUT... YOUR MAJESTY!

ENGLAND'S AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN IS ONE DAY SUMMONED TO THE PALACE BY THE SPANISH KING!

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT IN ENGLAND, JOHN'S TAX COLLECTORS ARE BUSY AT THEIR FAVORITE HOBBY - BEATING PEASANTS WHO ARE UNABLE TO PAY!



THE GREEN JOLLY FALCON AND HIS FOLLOWERS, AND TINY, APPEAR



LAY INTO THEM, JOLLY!





JUST THEN, SOLDIERS WHO HAVE BEEN IN HIDING ALL THE WHILE AWAIT-THE FALCON'S EXPECTED APPEARANCE, STORM IN HEADED BY SIR BOLTYN THE FALCON'S ARCH FOE!

THEY FELL FOR MY TRAP!.... THIS TIME THEY SHALL NOT ESCAPE!



A BLOODY BATTLE ENSUES!



LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS, FALCON, AND I WILL SPARE YOUR FRIENDS! IT'S ONLY YOU I WANT- ALIVE!



I ACCEPT YOUR BARGAIN, SIR BOLTYN! NOW LET MY FRIENDS GO FREE!

FALCON! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE IT!



SIR BOLTYN DISPLAYS A NEW BRAND OF TREACHERY!

FOOL! YOU DID NOT THINK I WOULD ALLOW YOUR CUT THROATS TO SLIP FROM MY GRASP! HA, HA! I SHALL SEE YOU ALL HANGED! TAKE THEM AWAY, MEN!



BOLTYN REPORTS TO JOHN!

I HAVE JUST CAPTURED THE FALCON AND HIS HENCHMEN, YOUR MAJESTY!

EXCELLENT!



COME! WE'LL LOSE NO TIME HANGING THEM! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS FOR A LONG TIME!

AYE! THIS WAY, SIRE!



HA, HA! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SCUM! NO LONGER SHALL YOU BE THORNS IN MY SIDE!













THE SPANISH FLEET HAS BEEN SIGHTED, FALCON!

NO, TINY AND JOLLY! JUST SEE TO IT THAT YOUR DIVISIONS RESPOND WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

ANY FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS?

CLOSER AND CLOSER TO DOVER'S CHALK CLIFFS COMES THE SPANISH ARMADA

ALL RIGHT, LADS! FIRE YOUR BARRELS!

ON THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SPANISH FLEET!

SOON, WE REACH ENGLAND! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE US LONG TO SUBDUDE THOSE COCKNEYS!

LET LOOSE THE BARRELS!

BARRELS FILLED WITH BURNING PITCH ARE CATAPULTED AMONG THE SHIPS

AGAIN AND AGAIN, FLAMING DESTRUCTION RAINS DOWN FROM THE SKIES

EXCELLENCY, WHAT SHALL WE DO? ALL OUR SHIPS ARE ABLAZE!

SOUND THE CALL FOR RETREAT BEFORE WE LOSE OUR ENTIRE FLEET!

FALCON! IT WORKED! THEY'RE RETREATING!

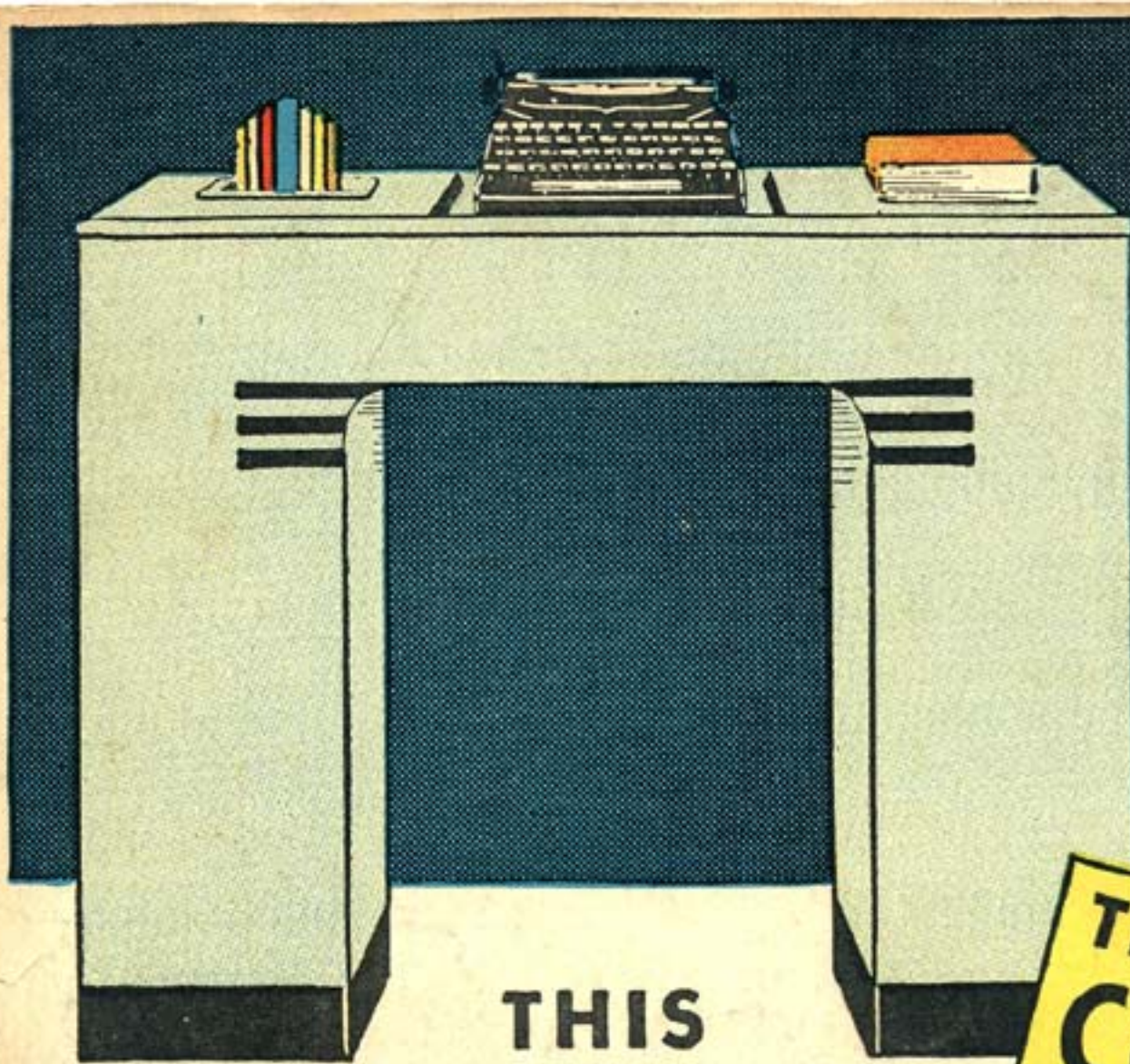
WE'VE WON THE FIRST SKIRMISH, TINY! BUT THEY'LL RETURN!

WILL THE GREEN FALCON SUCCEED AS ADMIRABLY THE NEXT TIME? THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON WILL GIVE YOU THE THRILLING ANSWER!









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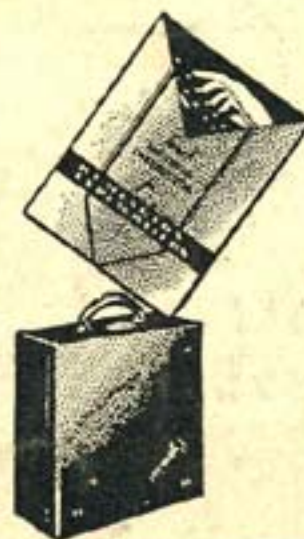
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